A Message from Bering Sea

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Our boys and girls will be interested in the following account, sent by Dr. Edgar Omer Campbell, of Thanksgiving and Christmas time among the Eskimo Indians of far-away St. Lawrence Island, off the western coast of Alaska. Only one mail a year brings word from our missionary workers there. The last letter was dated August thirteenth, and reached New York October sixth.

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Literature Department
of the Board of Home Missions of the
Presbyterian Church,
156 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

A Message from Bering Sea.

"Thanksgiving was spent much as in many larger American cities. We had a committee hunt up the old, lame, blind, sick and feeble, each one to bring his cup and spoon, as were also the school children. Some of them had none, so we supplied empty condensed-milk cans. Mrs. Campbell had about five gallons of succotash and the same amount of tomato bisque which, with pilot bread and some doughnuts and a great big cake Mr. Egan sent up, made a feast. We took occasion to tell the people that all good comes from our God, the Lord of Lords.

"Many an incident has furnished us an illustration for the sermons. One day I went hunting with Shool-'look. The ice was rough, with great cracks covered with soft snow, easy to deceive a 'chee-chaw-ker'—greenhorn or 'tenderfoot.' Dr. Young has passed this stage as regards most knowledge of the mainland, but as tough a 'sour dough' as he is, he would prove a veritable tenderfoot when brought face to face with much of the life on St. Lawrence Island. Well, as I was carefully picking my way over the ice, testing it with a harpoon, we came to some very bad places. Shool-'look found a good footing, and tapping his own feet pointed to mine, indicating I should place my feet in the tracks he had made. The next Lord's day we told the incident and asked every one to step in the tracks Jesus had made.

"Christmas we made use of the decorations and presents so kindly given us by Dr. F. H. Gamble from his brother's estate, and we had a tree that would have done credit to many a church in New York. How do you suppose we had a tree when there is not a tree on St. Lawrence Island? Why, we took some slats of wood, tied them together and covered them with grass and cotton and tinsel and gilded balls and string popcorn; then hung bright bags of candy and marbles, with some whistles, books, and other things all over it; put in our two fine gasoline lamps, then rung the bell. As the people came in, our hearts got fuller and fuller and at last ran over through the eyes. You should have heard the 'Ki! (Oh!) Ki! Ki!' We sang and talked and prayed a little, but just like American children, eye-gate and stomach-gate were more open than ear-gate, so all were glad when we began to give every one something. The large Sunday-school pictures were sent to every house and family. These pictures have been a great help to us.

"The last of January we took a trip with dog sleds to S. E. Cape, where there are twenty Eskimos. The distance of sixty or seventy-five miles was easily covered in one day. We had to sleep in a native house seven by ten, with six other people, a dog and five puppies, though we had a small tent to screen us apart from the rest. Mrs. Campbell and I took turns holding up the deer-skin covering for fresh air. The people were very kind and hospitable, crying when we left. We held a Christmas service, then gave some candy and presents, explaining the big pictures as we gave them out. The next day we were caught in a blinding snow-storm, and wandered about, not being able to see our land-marks, until about two or three o'clock, when we decided to return, following the tracks we made in the morning. But so much snow had fallen, this soon became difficult and it was only by the instinct of one of Mr. Thomas' dogs that we reached known land-marks just at dark, and were able to reach the village in safety. Oh,

how good the dear Lord is and how safe are all they that trust Him!

"When the boats came from Indian Point, they brought whiskey; and while inspecting them for liquor I was assaulted and badly beaten by two Indian Point brothers living here, who were enraged at being deprived of their liquor. Captain Tuttle would have removed them, but I thought that would not save their souls, and if sent back to Indian Point they would come back next spring when there was no one here to help us. So we are trusting that some way will be found to reach their hearts. Whiskey was made here all winter and a good deal of drunkenness resulted."

That our missionaries in St. Lawrence Island need to know more than how to preach and teach is shown by the following account of the work done in the missionary property by Dr. Campbell: "Shelving has been put in the storehouse; new coal bunkers built in the back shed; cupboards and book-cases and closets put in the house and school-room; a medicine-case built; a stairway to replace the ladder and hole which before gave entrance to the garret; shelving in the hall and side entry; a storm door over the front entrance; the bell hung and a rope leading into school-room; the long tables and benches in the school converted into neat painted desks with places underneath for books and slates; the house painted; the locks and hinges overhauled and set; cracks tightened, puttied and painted; storm shutters on the school-room windows; a number of panes put in, and the chimneys straightened and anchored."

We hope the ice of prejudice will soon break. One boy, Itorogen, who belongs to our school, recently looking out on a scene of heathenish horror, said, with tears in his eyes, "They do not understand Jesus, do they?"

ST. LAWRENCE ISLAND

Catechism

Preface

THE *raison d'etre* for the publication of these pages consists in the fact that The School House Farthest West was so unfortunate as to have appointed as its master in 1901 one whose face had long been set toward the Oriental mission fields, and consequently was not prepared for work in the frozen north.

Being a government position and not under the Church, the station was not equipped with such helps as are usually supplied mission stations. Having but one mail a year and not knowing to whom to appeal, though several appeals were unheeded, we were not in a position to get supplies very rapidly and were forced to devise some systematic arrangement for the presentation of Scripture truth.

It occurred to us that God's word was "sharper than any two-edged sword" and "like a hammer that breaketh the rock in pieces," and that if the people learned the Scriptures they would not only be brought to a knowledge of their own state in God's sight

and be led to know the Saviour and trust in Him, and find in God's word comfort, cheer and guidance every day, but would at the same time have in their hearts and mouths words that would do the most to shield them against the wiles of the devil and help them to lead others to Christ Jesus our Lord.

So we began to arrange the verses we had learned each morning in the devotional exercises of our school and to add others until the present scheme has resulted.

EDGAR O. CAMPBELL,
St. Lawrence Island, Alaska,
Aug. 17, 1907. *via Nome.*

Directions

The parts are about as long as a child can memorize at once.

The location of the verse is to be learned as a part of the text.

When one part has been committed, a card certificate is issued, and a Bible given to each one who has memorized the entire twelve parts and shown the twelve certificates.

God will bless the memorizing of His word.

Part I.

Names of the Books of the Bible

Part II.

God's Love

1. John 3: 16
2. Matt. 11: 28-30
3. Rom. 10: 13
4. John 6: 37
5. II Pet. 3: 9
6. Ezek. 33: 11
7. John 14: 21
8. Luke 10: 27
9. Matt. 7: 12
10. Matt. 4: 4

Part III.

God's Requirements

Ex. 20: 1-17

Part IV.

Man's Sinfulness

1. Jer. 17: 9
2. Rom. 5: 12
3. Rom. 8: 7, 8
4. Eccl. 7: 20
5. Rom. 3: 10-12
6. Rom. 3: 23
7. Ezek. 18: 4
8. Rom. 6: 23
9. Matt. 25: 41
10. Rev. 20: 10, 15

Part V.

The Remedy Provided

1. Matt. 1 : 21
2. Gal. 3 : 13
3. I Pet. 2 : 24
4. I John 3 : 23
5. I John 5 : 10-12
6. I Cor. 15 : 3
7. Rom. 5 : 6, 8
8. I Pet. 1 : 18, 19
9. Acts 13 : 39
10. Acts 4 : 12

Part VI.

The Way of Salvation

1. Mark 1 : 15
2. Acts 3 : 19
3. Acts 26 : 20
4. Matt. 18 : 3
5. John 3 : 5
6. II Cor. 5 : 17
7. I John 1 : 9
8. Rom. 10 : 9
9. I John 5 : 4
10. Heb. 11 : 6

Parts VII, VIII and IX.

In Eskimo—Selected Verses from other Parts Translated

Part X.

The Blessed's

1. Matt. 5 : 1-12
2. II Pet. 2 : 9
3. Rom. 8 : 1
4. I John 2 : 15
5. Jas. 4 : 4
6. II Tim. 2 : 21

Part XI.

The Good Shepherd

1. Ps. 23 : 1-6
2. Ps. 119 : 105
3. Ps. 34 : 7
4. I Sam. 12 : 24
5. Isa. 26 : 3
6. II Tim. 2 : 19
7. I Thess. 4 : 16, 17
8. Matt. 28 : 19, 20

Part XII.

My Faith

1. The Apostles' Creed
2. II Tim. 1 : 12
3. Rom. 8 : 37-39
4. John 20 : 31

Amen. Even so come, Lord Jesus

When the Postman Comes to St. Lawrence Island

From the "Budget" of
DR. E. O. CAMPBELL

Enŏk Bessy Phillip

Property of Presbyterial Society.
Not to be taken from leaflet file of
Presbyterial Secretary of Literature.

THE WOMAN'S BOARD *of* HOME MISSIONS
of the PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH *in the* U.S.A.
156 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

When the Postman Comes to St. Lawrence Island

"The School House Farthest West," and Runners in the Games, July fourth, 1909

THE twelfth of July was a "red letter day" and a veritable day of letters to the missionaries at Gambell, St. Lawrence Island, for at that time Uncle Sam's postman, the Revenue steamer "Thetis," delivered to them their annual mail—five big sacks full.

Five sacks! What a pleasure to get them, and what an added pleasure it would be if the enjoyment of opening the mail could be spread over several weeks! But, no, it must be opened at once, there must be haste that acknowledgments may be made of all letters received, that all questions may be answered, that all return mail may be ready when the supply steamer arrives, which may happen within two weeks. "We feel like working day and night," writes Dr. Campbell, "but the steamer may be delayed a month and we could not keep up the pace. This year we send out news in budget

form, separate items which may be used to tell others of the progress of the Kingdom and of the need of the great region beyond and at our elbow."

The following items gathered from the "budget" give a most interesting and illuminating glimpse of the work. The methods of the missionaries, as well as the characteristics and superstitions of the natives, are set forth so clearly that one feels after reading that he has more than a glimpse of the life of Dr. and Mrs. Campbell, that he has visited the mission.

The supplies for the year had not reached the island when the north wind, on September seventeenth, tried to blow the big, blue ice in and seal up the mission, but it was not quite strong enough to offset the current. The captain of the schooner "North Bend," with a year's supplies, encountered ice on September twenty-sixth, and had to turn back and go all around the south side of the island. The stores were finally landed, but the surf was so high that this was only done after a record-breaking bit of lightering by the natives in their whale boats, landing the goods through the surf on a steep, gravelly beach.

Otiyohok, one of the brightest young men, in describing the rough sea, said, "When a big wave came we went up very high. Then the boat down, so, but my stomach stay up. Then I breathe hard, try to keep my body where my stomach go. My head go round and round; then, quick, my stomach and body come together very hard!" English is an expressive language. Otiyohok is the one who in 1906

Otiyohok

prayed, "O Lord, we are not strong enough to fight sin, you fight for us." This year he stood out against all his family and abstained from the "moon festival" and from sacrificing to the gods of the sea, who, they say, give them walrus and whale. Pray for Otiyohok, that he may stand firm, for the "moon festival" is the great backbone of all their heathen ceremonies, one or more of the whaling crews sacrificing each month from February to April.

Portions of all kinds of food and dainties are set apart as holy, and on the appointed day the crew carry the canoe down to the open water and the captain throws some of the oblation into the water. This is usually done with much ceremony on the part of the captain of the crew. Then they return to the house and distribute among friends what remains of the holy food. To fail in this sacrifice is believed to bring on a famine and so strong is this belief and so great the influence of the old over the young, that the missionaries have never been able to get any captain to give it up. The reindeer herders have taken no part in it for several years, and this year seven more were given strength to abstain, in the face of great opposition. A translation of Acts 15:28-29 helped greatly.

Another superstition is, that demons are the cause of all sickness. Christmas time this year brought joy to all, but one of those who enjoyed it most was little Okeyu, a bright boy of eleven. He had been greatly hampered by the fact that his parents had dressed him in girl's clothes to fool the demon that made him ill when a babe. The other boys looked down on him for wearing girl's clothes, as boys would in the States, and he could not run and jump as boys do. After years of persuasion Okeyu's

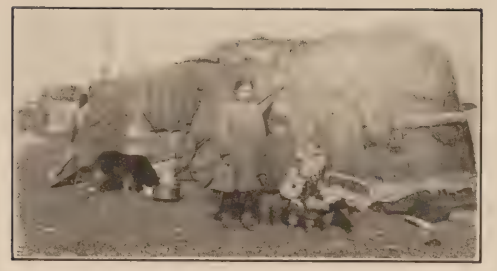
father allowed him, at Christmas time, to accept from the missionaries a boy's complete outfit. Okeyu was happy and it seemed as though he had cut loose from more than one superstition of the past; it was indeed a happy Christmas to him.

Drying walrus skin on a frame; the skins are used as covering for house, canoe or floor.

Those familiar with the delightful children's poem, "The Night Before Christmas," will sympathize with old Santa Claus in the calamity which befell him when he visited St. Lawrence Island this year, for he lost his favorite reindeer, faithful old "Blixen." "Blixen" was stabled awaiting the close of festivities, the Eskimo dogs broke in, and all that remained to tell the story were the horns, part of the skull, and one leg of gentle, peaceable "Blixen."

In company with a guide, Dr. Campbell, in an effort to carry Santa Claus to the small village of Southwest Cape, was lost in a snowstorm the last three days in December. The first night out a house was made in the snowdrift. The snow was soft the next day and their clothing became very wet, then the wind changed and their clothes were frozen stiff. By walking all night they kept alive and reached an old hut, where they made a fire and dried themselves before returning home, which they did under a clear sky.

December twenty-ninth, Miss Anderson, the Government school teacher, left for a two weeks' stay with the reindeer herders, sixty miles to the southeast. This was her first ride behind reindeer, and she enjoyed it very much. Several times she fell off the sled, but the boys went placidly on until some one happened to look around. They could not hear her calls through their fur hoods, especially as the wind was blowing the wrong way and a blinding snowstorm made it hard to see. It was difficult to reach the forty-five mile road house at Camp Collier, where they spent the night. The next day they thought they were lost again, but the boys had been following some posts they had set as guides, and at last found themselves right on top of the house before they knew it. When they were in the house, Miss Anderson said to Pooncu, one of the young women, "I was not afraid when we were looking for the house, because I was praying and Jesus kept saying to me, 'Ask the Saviour to help you, comfort, strengthen and keep you; He is willing to aid you, He will carry you through.'" Pooncu's eyes filled with tears, as she replied, "Miss Anderson, I was praying, too."



"The most isolated post under the American flag."

Christmas festivities were followed by the services of the "Week of Prayer." The first evening there was an attendance of fifteen; this was more than doubled on the second evening. This number steadily increased, and the second week marked an attendance of eighty-one, with a corresponding increase in interest, and concern for salvation. At this time Oningou, the interpreter, suddenly left for Southwest Cape on a trading expedition, and as there was no one who could take his place, it was with sore hearts the missionaries closed the meetings. Oningou is one of the best young men, and the missionaries have done much for him. He said he did not have peace while he was gone, and had no liberty to speak for Jesus.

Translations into the native dialect have been made of forty-six portions of Scripture, five hymns, the Lord's Prayer, the Doxology, Grace before Meat, and sixteen questions and answers from Condit's "Great Truths." A catechism framed from one hundred four verses of the Bible, and the Apostles' Creed, have been memorized by twenty-five of the young people, and several others have nearly completed the course.

The whole year has been one of great activity along all lines. Three religious meetings have been held each week. Dr. Campbell has made six hundred sixty-eight calls on the sick, and given four hundred forty-seven prescriptions, beside one hundred thirty-eight dressings, following operations. In addition, the three workers have made nine hundred seventy-one calls in the native homes, and received four thousand eighty at the mission.

The "store" on St. Lawrence Island—The storekeeper and his family—*Note* whalebone and valuable furs.

School has been taught in two departments, and there have been two hundred thirteen sessions of women's and evening classes. Besides instruction in the "three R's" and other studies, time has been given to much needed manual training. In this the pupils have done well, the grammar grade completing the work

of the first year in Trybom's "Cardboard Construction," using for cardboard all the soap cartoons, underwear boxes and any other pieces of cardboard that could be found. Native grass and kindergarten mats, home-knitted woolen mittens, specimens of sewing and paper furniture, all show excellent constructive ability on the part of the native.

Two neat lumber houses were put up last year, and the old whaling camp was moved into the village and divided into two cabins. There are now seven occupied houses in the village. When Ungwiluk's new home was finished, he asked Dr. Campbell to write a sign for every one to clean his feet before entering. This was tacked on the doorpost, inside the storm-shed. Fearing all would not see this, one of the schoolboys was persuaded to print in big, blue letters, on the outside storm-shed door the following: "When you want come in this house, please you feet clean." Ungwiluk now has a wire mat and also a home-made one of woven strands of rope on a background of burlap from an old sack.

Many more warm, light houses could be built if only the lumber could be procured. For this and other reasons Dr. Campbell desires a small schooner. There are no trees on the island, but driftwood is thrown on the north shore, about seventy-five miles from Gambell, and by the aid of a small schooner, the drift logs could be made into rafts and towed to Gambell. A schooner would also enable the people to get a competitive market for whalebone, ivory and furs. The native could learn much by seeing the shops on the mainland and learning how other people do. "What would you do," says Dr. Campbell, "without oxen, horses, or railroads, to say nothing of automobiles and

aeroplanes?" Yet the plea for the schooner does not stand first. "If you would wish to mention us," writes Dr. Campbell, "please say that what we want more than anything else is, that our people be prayed for, implored for, pleaded for before God until they become hungry for God's way—the Bible way. We want all on the island to become Christians. O, for more prayer!"

"Always friendly to missionary work."

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St. Lawrence Island

Ann Bannan

Miss Bannan is stationed at St. Lawrence Island, where she ministers to the spritual needs of the Eskimos.

ST. LAWRENCE ISLAND lies northwest of Nome, about one hundred and seventy-five miles, and fifty miles from the Siberian coast. The town of Gambell was named for the first missionary family, which was drowned on the way back to the island after a furlough, and is the oldest village. It is situated at the northern tip of the island, and has two hundred and ninety-one inhabitants, and more old people than Savoonga, about forty miles down the coast. Gambell is high and dry, but boggy, and so we have to stay on the sidewalks there instead of the ground. Savoonga has two hundred and four inhabitants, with no old people. In both villages there is grass, and weeds that grow rank, and the loveliest monkshood I ever saw; but we can raise lettuce only in a hotbed. At Gambell there is so little earth one wonders how the flowers can grow so well!

THE WAY MANY BABIES ARE CARRIED HERE

The whole island is mountainous and is a breeding place for water fowl. As the days begin to lengthen, we spend much time in the evenings, toward sunset, watching the ducks fly back to their shelters on the mountains southwest.

The natives on the island are Eskimos, whose ancestors probably crossed Bering Sea from Asia. They make their own fine *oomiaks,* a frame of thin strips of hard wood covered with walrus skins which, after being sewed together and fastened securely on the frame, are dried thoroughly before using.

Like all native people, they are very certain they are the "real people," and their native word for themselves is "Innu-peuk." They always compare themselves with white people and feel they excel in every way. At Shishmaref, east of Cape Prince of Wales, a native went into a store and asked the white man for some information which he could not give, but said he would look it up and tell him when the native called again. In a few days the native returned; the white man gave the information, and the native said, "Why is it, when a white man wants to know something, he takes a book and reads and reads and reads, and after a while he knows something? When I want to know something, I sit down and think, and pretty soon I know plenty." At Barrow one of the teachers put a list of words on the board, and asked the children to make sentences using those words. Two of the words were "bridge" and "damage." One bright young chap wrote, "When white man hit finger, he says 'damage'." Eskimos do not swear!

The Eskimos' ability to endure the cold, hunger and other hardships is great. They live by hunting and trapping, and of course the weather affects them very much; but rarely do they complain when they have to stay at home, needing food,

TWO OLD LADIES OF GAMBELL. BOTH LAUGHING HEARTILY

but unable to hunt because of storms or adverse winds. They are kind, friendly, cheerful, industrious, and contented. They use the hut of snow blocks when caught in a storm, and have no tent or other shelter. The natives of Barrow and Wainwright carry a snow knife with which they cut the blocks of snow. Few of them live in the old igloos, which, when made well, are much more comfortable than the frame homes, built of lumber, and are better ventilated. Many of the natives on the island heat their homes with the old time seal oil lamps and sit around the living room naked.

The people of St. Lawrence Island have intermarried until their mentality is lower than that of the Eskimos elsewhere in the Territory. But they were intelligent enough, when asked if they wished to become citizens or remain a reservation · they chose the reservation, and the result is our island people are about one hundred percent law abiding. We have no liquor there, and the two cooperative stores do not sell cigarettes. Each fall and winter when the trapping season is on, as the men bring their pelts to the store manager, he pays them a certain amount and deducts one dollar from the price of each pelt to be put into the Community Fund, which is used for the good of the whole community. Each village is governed by a Council of five or six men, elected by ballot.

The Office of Indian Affairs sends a married couple to each village as teachers, and they stay from one to five or six years, then are transferred to some other village. The teachers at Gambell are Mr. and Mrs. Daugherty, with a son about six years. The teachers at Savoonga, Mr. and Mrs. Connelly, have a son about seven, who are to be transferred, after being there three years. The new teachers for Savoonga are Mr. and Mrs. Sams, with two children. Miss Leske, the Government nurse, has been on the island three years and works in both villages.

Eskimo is not a written language, which is very hard for us to learn. For years when a child is born, the parents ask one of the white people to give them a list of names, so they may choose the one they like for their child. I think they want a list in order to be certain they can pronounce the name they choose. As soon as their child is born, it is given an Eskimo name. An amusing thing happened when I was at Wainwright. One of the herders sent me a note saying they had a new daughter and had named her "Miss Bannan." I wrote back that I had been christened "Mary Ann," and I thought "Miss Bannan" was too long a name for any little girl, and suggested he call the child either "Mary," "Ann" or "Maryann." In a short time I got another note from the father, saying, "The baby's name is 'Miss Bannan.'" I have been told they finally

did shorten it to "Bannie!"

All but the very old people speak, read and write English. If any native wants something we have, he can make us understand what it is. Old or young, his English is good enough for that. But when we have a meeting and want all the people to understand what is being said, we always use an interpreter. This method is not entirely satisfactory, but it is the best we can do at present. Once when I was giving a lesson for Prayer Service, I used the word "invite," and I took care to add, "ask them to come." These words are repeated over and over. We were near the end of the Scripture reading, when my interpreter suddenly asked, "Did you say 'invite?'" I told him I did. Then he said "Why! I have been saying 'imitate' all the time." Then I did some more explaining and asked him to read the whole lesson over again.

When I was about ready to leave the island last year, I told one of the Christian men the Board was sending Miss Komedal to take my place. He said he was very glad, because where there was no religious worker with them, they slipped back into the old ways of idolatry. Several times in the past they had a number of Christians, but because there was no leader, they went back to the old ways. In 1934 the natives had been without a spiritual leader ten years and there were only five or six men, and not as many women; who were professing Christians. Gradually the others have come back and some new ones added to the original group. Miss Komedal has done splendid work there with all the people but I think, especially with the young people. Somehow it is easier for me to work with the older people. The natives have all spoken so highly of her, and were glad to have the change in workers.

One of the old women, O-whow-in, sent me word she had a dream she wanted to tell me but, as she could not speak English, I must get an interpreter. So when she came down to visit, I asked an interpreter to come too, and this is what he told me: "O-whow-in dreamed I asked her to come to my house and tell what Christ had done for her. She came down, and she saw so many people all around the house and in the house, who were strange to her, she did not want to go in and talk. She told me, but I insisted on her going into the house and giving her testimony." Then she said, "Miss Bannan has many helpers she can't see. I saw so much in that dream I know she is teaching us the Truth, and that is why I come to Sunday school and church services every time I can get here." (She was a frail little woman!)

I gave her lunch, and then I went over to have dinner with the teachers, and I told them the dream, and said I thought it queer that a primitive Eskimo should have such a dream. Mrs. Hinckey said she did not agree with me. All who knew me were praying for me, all who got the Year Book of Prayer prayed for me, too, and those who get my letters certainly would pray. Why wouldn't they be "unseen helpers"? I like to think the Lord gave O-Whow-in this dream to encourage me and help me think of you as unseen helpers of the Lord in this work on St. Lawrence Island. Please continue to help us by your prayers! There is much work to be done there and we will miss your help if you fail us.

A Plea for Peace

WE seek Thy blessed peace, dear God—
The peace of which the angels sang
That wondrous night, when Christ was born
And o'er the earth, glad tidings rang.

"Peace on the earth, good will to men—"
The message echoes down the years;
Oh, shame! to think how men have lived,
The misery, suffering, strife and tears!

How could we stray so far away
From the paths our dear Beloved taught?
How could we hate our fellow men,
And all Christ's teachings go for naught?

"To love our neighbor as ourselves,"
Could we but really live that way,
A happy, joyful world would be
And peace would come, to stay.

IDA M. DAVIS

Feb Alaska Hunter Return to Alaska Dept Koerner 2/45
ALASKA
PERM. FILE

Photos by Paul H. Nelms

As you approach the village of Gambell, you will see the many oomiaks standing like sentinels on their barren whalebone racks all along the shoreline, a safe distance from the surf of the angry Bering Sea. And sled-dogs are everywhere. Some are big and strong, some thin and sickly; some are beautiful white Siberian huskies. In summer there'll be pups everywhere.

SAINT LAWRENCE ISLAND

BY PAUL H. NELMS

SPRAWLED IN THE Bering Sea west and slightly south of Nome, and just forty miles from Siberia, lies St. Lawrence Island. From an anthropological standpoint, this small island is one of the most interesting places in the world. The Eskimos who live there are so closely related to the prehistoric and so definitely apart from modern civilization that even the layman cannot but be aware of the sociological implications.

Only two villages of St. Lawrence are inhabited—Gambell and Savoonga. Gambell is the parent village. Savoonga was established by groups of reindeer herders, as the pasturage of that region is better than that around Gambell.

Skin sewing is woman's work, and sewing includes the making of oomiaks, which are boats of light wood or whalebone frames, covered with walrus or seal hides.

But these two are certainly not the only villages that have been on the Island. Dotted all around are the old village sites, and the older the site, the more surely will the scientist find beneath the surface of the ground those things which reveal the past of these nomads of the Arctic.

The Island is fog-bound most of the year. Rough seas pound the shores during the summer. During the long winter months, the ice pack heaps mountains of ice along the shore and for miles out into the open water. The ice is perhaps the salvation of the Eskimo, for with it comes the walrus, the principal item of his food economy. In the summer there are the seals in the bays, and the birds in the rocks of the cliffs.

So plentiful are the birds that they are taken easily by a net at the end of a long pole, something like a large dip net. A hunter will hide among the rocks on the ledge of a cliff in the evening, when the flocks return from their feeding grounds; as the birds sweep by or attempt to light, he will throw his net dexterously into the air in the path of flight. Thus he secures auklets, sea parrots, and other varieties of wa-

MAIN TRAILS AND BYPATHS

» EDITORIAL «

ONE OF THE outstanding features of Alaska is the tremendous area of public domain and forest-reserve land available to the citizens of the United States for free use and homesteading. In fact, it is the only district under the American flag in which such free land is still available.

The total area of Alaska is 586,400 square miles, which is larger than the thirteen original American colonies, and approximately one-fifth as large as the total extent of all the present states in the Union. Of this total, the National Forests of Alaska comprise 21,500,000 acres, and cover large portions of the scenic Southeastern Alaska and Prince William Sound regions, and the eastern half of the Kenai Peninsula.

Although most of this land is open to exclusive use by individuals either through patent or permit, only about one per cent of the land in the Forest Reserves and the public domain has been so taken.

OF MOST immediate and extensive interest to newcomers after the war will be the land in the National Forests. The Reserves were created from the open public domain by Congress, primarily for the growing of timber; but these extensive areas also include lands with higher values for outdoor recreation enterprises of many kinds, and homesites, agriculture, grazing, mining, and locations for various types of industry.

The lands in the National Forests may be had for patent by several methods under certain conditions, and may be leased for nominal sums for summer homes, vacation resorts, and other special uses. Open for the construction of lodges under leases for as long as thirty years, are beautiful areas with trout-filled lakes, big game, rugged mountains and valleys, waterfalls, fiords, rivers, lagoons, nearby glaciers, and even hot-and-cold medicinal and mineral springs, some delivering as much as eighty-five gallons of boiling hot water a minute in delightful, eye-filling surroundings.

THE OUTLOOK for profitable operation of resorts seems unusually good at this time. With very few such recreational facilities in operation, with the stepping-up of traffic to and from Alaska by vacationists through air travel now, and with plans for fast, comfortable, luxurious steamer travel after the war, many an investor with a little capital can get in on the "ground floor" by establishing such facilities at once.

In the National Forests, timber is available for construction on the resort sites. It will be the practice of most builders to utilize logs for the construction of attractive rustic lodges in keeping with the surroundings. Some resort-keepers with smaller lodges can augment their income by the growing of vegetables, the chartering of boats, the manufacture of items for sale to the visitors, and, in winter, even by hand-logging operations on nearby forest land, or some trapping. This type of enterprise should appeal to many persons who love the outdoors and who wish to have a small business of their own.

A circular detailing the policies and the procedures governing the acquisition and use of lands in the National Forests of Alaska has just been issued by B. Frank Heintzleman, Regional Forester, and may be had without cost on application to the Juneau, Alaska, office of the U. S. Forest Service.

terfowls that nest in the rocks.

To attract the birds in flight to a landing spot, the Eskimo will sometimes take several live birds, punch holes in their beaks, and string them on a long line between two large boulders near his hiding place. By spacing the birds and letting them flutter, they are made to look from above as if they were about to alight. Many a bird that has come home to roost among his feathered friends has found himself decoyed into a net.

There are no trees on the Island. Other than the low hills of old volcanic origin and the ragged cliffs along the shore, there is nothing but tundra. A few sluggish streams flow into the lagoons; and on the southern end of the Island there are two fairly large, fast streams. These two streams have a good salmon run each spring.

But the Eskimos do not make use of the salmon. They will fish in the winter for cod, but the meat of the walrus and the seal they prefer above all else.

Some coal deposits are known on the Island. It would probably be to the interest of the inhabitants to find out whether the coal could be used as fuel, because coal imported to Gambell is forty dollars a ton.

As you approach the village of Gambell, you will see the many upturned oomiaks standing like sentinels on their barren whalebone racks all along the shoreline, a safe distance from the surf of the angry Bering Sea. Beyond these stands a double row of neat wooden houses painted green, yellow, brown, and white. Some of the older houses are weather-gray with mildew and dampness. Seal skins are tacked to the sides of the houses, or stretched on frames and thrown on the roof, to dry. Other massive frames hold stretched walrus hides, to be used as coverings for the oomiaks.

In the center of the village are clustered three buildings, which are all-important to the people. They are the Government school house, the Gambell Native Store, and the Mission. The people are directed and governed by these three institutions.

Sled dogs are everywhere. They may be chained in the pathway beside the house of the owner, or set apart in a sort of dog village. Some big dogs; some thin, sickly looking brutes; some beautiful white Siberian huskies; and if it is summer, there are puppies under your feet wherever you go. Children laugh and play, run in and out of the houses, yell a cheery "hello" while their parents move leisurely about or stand in groups.

One impression you will never forget at Gambell is that of the tall wooden racks heavy with reindeer, seal, or walrus meat hung up to cure in the wind and whatever sunshine that comes. These meat racks give out such pungent odors that strange nostrils all but quiver, and your stomach will roll with

The babies look like stuffed dolls in their all-over garments, with their hood-ruffs of rabbit fur and bibs under their chins. The St. Lawrence Islanders love children.

nausea. Yet, mingled with the salty Arctic air, this strange smell is exotic. You will never lose it as long as you are on the Island; sometimes you will wonder how you can endure it. And yet you will learn to like it, and will miss it when you leave.

Sometimes this dried meat is fed to the dogs. At first I thought it was all for the dogs, but no; the Eskimo also eats this hard dried meat. He eats it with gusto. In fact, he likes his meat a little "high." The taint seems to add a bit of desirable flavor.

Most Alaskans know the St. Lawrence Islanders for their beautiful ivory carvings. They have an abundance of fresh ivory tusks, and the excavations provide much old ivory. The larger pieces of old tusks, sled runners, old adz heads, and the like, are much sought after, because such ivory, having been buried for centuries, has a rich coloring much in demand among the tourists.

Old walrus teeth are highly-prized, for they make the best of material from which to carve the bird-and-animal sets in replica of those that inhabit the Island. The Eskimo is innately an artist. He can copy anything, and he can reproduce in carvings hunting scenes from every- —Please turn to page 3

Many years ago, the St. Lawrence Islanders lived in igloos built half underground, of bone or driftwood frames covered with skins. Now they have painted frame houses. Although they have had little contact with Outsiders, children are not shy.
O. W. Geist

Conrad Hug

Alaska appeals to the artist, as well as to the hunter. Vista after vista of beauty unfolds before him—magnificent mountains, evergreen forests, lovely streams, colorful wildflowers. Every glance shows him a potential landscape painting of beauty.

Two rip-snorting Brownies! I had a fraction of a second for a choice, so I took the browner and the nearer. When he toppled, I tried for the other.
Edgar M. Queeny

NEVER TOO OLD

BY A. PHIMISTER PROCTOR

THERE ARE three places to which I've always wanted to go—Alaska, to hunt Brown bears; Africa, to hunt lions; and Heaven, to rest in peace. And I've wanted to visit them in that order. The Alaska Brown bear hunt, at least, has been accomplished.

It was in 1941 that Mrs. Proctor and I, with several friends, went by steamer from Vancouver to Ketchikan, where we boarded the Campbell Church yacht Westward for several wonderful weeks of cruising and hunting.

The first excitement came when we sighted a school of killer whales. With motion pictures in mind, we "cut down the steam" and approached them carefully. Campbell Church Jr., familiarly known as Cam, took several shots with his telephoto lens, and caught two of the monsters while they were completely in the air. Suddenly a twenty-five-foot shark cut directly across our bow. We rammed him with a thud that reverberated throughout the yacht. At that moment I stepped on deck, and was drenched by the spray as the monster's tail slapped the boat.

Besides hunting bears, we wanted to see some of the glaciers for which Alaska is famous. So we turned the bow of the yacht toward Tracy Arm, where the great Sawyer Glacier meets tidewater. The weather was perfect as we sailed through the mass of small icebergs, carved by the sun into myriads of fantastic shapes, that glutted the waters of Tracy Arm. Massive granite walls several thousand feet in height reared their summits into a region of perpetual snow. Slender waterfalls, gliding gracefully down the precipitous ramparts, thrilled us with their beauty. Each curve in the canyon brought new wonders to our view.

Glaciers! Two of them, glistening and

bloody trail. They had gone about half a mile when the fishermen caught up with them. One of the tenders had brought them up the bay. So Chris and Eagle joined the searching party.

They followed the bloody trail about four miles, through brush and alder thickets and across creeks, spreading out so as to cover as much ground as possible. Chris noticed that one of the searchers was a young boy who seemed very much concerned, and could not always keep his tears back.

Suddenly they heard two rifle reports in quick succession—the signal they had agreed to make if anyone discovered Quen. Everyone ran to the spot from which the shots had come. Someone was yelling at the top of his lungs, "Here he is! We've found him."

It was a ghastly sight. Even after all the years that had passed, Chris shuddered when he told me about it. The great hunter lay on his back, his stomach and intestines strewn over the ground, his scalp torn off, and his tongue torn from his mouth.

The searchers stood speechless with horror. Then the young boy who had seemed so excited fell on his knees praying hysterically. "O h f a t h e r, father," he kept crying, "Oh, dear God, have mercy on my poor father!"

The searchers, rough and hardy men though they were, felt deeply moved. Finally they lifted the hysterical lad from his father's mangled body, and led him gently away. A great terror gripped the boy, and he cried out that they must hurry away from the place.

"The bear will come back," he screamed. "She'll kill us all! Hurry, hurry! We must leave this awful place!"

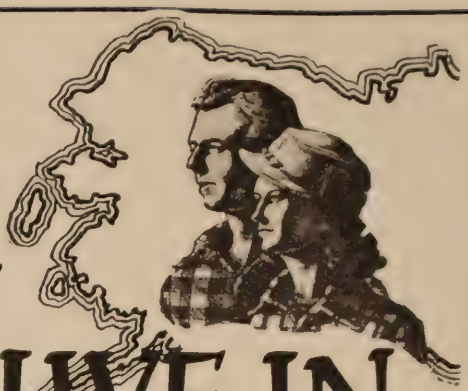
THE MEN lifted the remains of the dead hunter onto a stretcher they had brought, covered them with canvas, and started sadly back toward the beach. Some of them wanted to stay back and search for the bear, feeling sure she must be lying dead nearby; but the boy was so upset that he wouldn't allow anyone to stay. He screamed and sobbed, and pleaded with them to come away as fast as they could.

When they got Quen back to the cannery tender and sailed away, Chris and Eagle boarded the Shamrock. Eagle felt very sad. He told Chris of all the Brown-bear hunts he had gone on with Quen, and how jolly and fearless Quen had always been.

"The last time I saw Quen alive, there on the beach by the campfire, he said, 'Eagle, tomorrow I'll kill my forty-ninth bear—so help me! And I'll kill my fiftieth bear before I quit.' Then he laughed and said, 'Yes, I'll kill a bear tomorrow—if the brute doesn't get me first!' Poor Quen—little did he dream that the bear really would kill him!"

The next day the Game Warden from Afognak came up the bay to where Chris and Eagle were anchored. It was his job to go up into the woods and investigate the killing, and try to find the bear.

Eagle, Chris, and about six other fishermen went with him. They found the bear, all right, off in the alders about sixty feet from the spot where they'd



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found Quen the day before. They weren't surprised to find that the bear was dead—but they found something that did surprise them almost to incredulity. It was a male bear!

What in the world was a male bear doing with two cubs? Even the Game Warden couldn't figure that one out. They were also surprised at the size of him. In all their experience at hunting, none of them had ever seen such an enormous bear. Even Chris admits that it made cold shivers run up and down his spine.

Chris and Eagle sailed back to Afognak, where they found everyone in mourning over the death of their famous hunter. They stayed at Afognak and got their nets ready, then fished for the season. They made good money, too, but Chris says he never went back there after that season was over. He says all the money in the world wouldn't take him back to Paramanof Bay—not after that horrible thing he saw on that rainy day in the alder thicket.

SAINT LAWRENCE ISLAND

(Continued from page 11)

day life that are nothing short of remarkable.

If you place the incentive high enough, you will get works of art. If you just want trinkets, paper weights, and other little souvenirs, they are what you will get. Tourists have created a demand for souvenirs, and the Eskimo supplies that demand; for after all, even on St. Lawrence Island a person must have money. I have seen harpoon heads that were museum pieces—old relics of the ancient Bering Sea culture—made into cheap paper knives and traded for cigarettes.

The Eskimos don't care about these articles they dig from old village sites as being of value in revealing their past. They must live in the present. Therefore, they put a price on their findings. The chances are you will pay dearly if you want an article very much and give evidence that you want it. You can't beat an Eskimo on St. Lawrence Island; he will beat you every time.

I remember an instance in which a white man traded a shot gun for some ivory carvings. The price of the gun was entirely out of reason. One day I asked the man who had acquired the gun, "Wasn't that a very high price you paid for that gun?"

"Yes," he said. "He make plenty high. I make ivory plenty high, too. He cheat me, I cheat him. Everybody happy."

It is true that, because some of the Eskimos have worked with various scientific expeditions excavating on the Island, they have some knowledge of and respect for certain items, and will make some effort to turn them over to the Alaska Native Service through the local teacher. They, themselves, are not collectors.

Gambell should have a building to be used as a sort of museum. "Why?" you ask. Well, this island, and other small islands such as Punuk at the other end of St. Lawrence, probably were the stepping stones from Asia to North America. Ancient village sites rim the Island, and often several villages have been built on the same site with hundreds of years intervening.

Work has been done on a site near Cape Kukuliak, below Savoonga, by the University of Alaska; and other places have been excavated by the Smithsonian Institution. However, other sites are readily accessible to the natives, and as they dig for old ivory, many articles worth saving are dug up, traded, sold, or lost.

NO DOUBT there are some very old village sites yet to be found. Time has erased the outward evidences of some of them. The raised green mounds, where the vegetation is thick, serve for quick identification of places to dig. But after the war is over and scientific expeditions can resume work, St. Lawrence should become the playground for the archaeologist.

The articles of bone and ivory, along with the bones of birds and animals, tell us a story of age, customs, and habits of these people. They should be studied and classified carefully. Ceremonial and worship dishes, idols, children's toys, replicas of boats and kayaks of the past, carved animals and birds, pieces of armor, buttons, bucket handles, barbed arrow and harpoon heads—some with decorative markings—meat hooks, slate-bladed knives and adz heads, ivory and bone spoons, combs, and thousands of other items usually oriental in design—all these tell a story.

The Eskimo had no written language, and therefore has left little about his past. We must not, however, overlook the stories that have been handed down from generation to generation. They, alone, may be able to give us insight into the past, if they are collected and studied. Today such stories and legends are increasingly hard to find, and usu-

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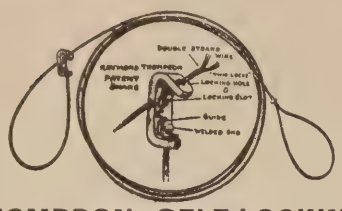

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ally they are colored with the white man's fairy tales.

While these stories are pointless in many cases, they are full of revelations about the beliefs and customs of the people. One such story was told me at St. Lawrence Island recently:

At Sevuokuk (Gambell), a very long time ago, there lived a powerful man who was Chief of the village. He had five brothers who went out in a skin boat to look for food. The Chief stayed home during the hunting season, but

Though most Eskimo women carry their babies inside their parkas, the women of St. Lawrence Island carry their babies astride their necks or shoulders.

he had a very large kayak. While the brothers were out hunting there arose a mighty wind which drifted them away.

Some days passed, and they did not return. So, as soon as the wind went down, the Chief, who was called Ivango, took his large kayak, launched it, and paddled off in search of his lost brothers. He went around the Island and found no trace of them. He went then to a foreign land (Siberia), and could not find them. He then set out toward the northeast, and after paddling for several days he sighted land and arrived at the shore late in the evening.

There was a large village on the shore. He landed and hid his kayak in some tall grass. Then he went to the village and saw a small igloo at the extreme edge. He climbed up to the smoke hole, looked down, and saw an old woman. She was feeble and weak with age. He went in, and the old woman welcomed him heartily. She prepared food for him, for she was a kind old woman.

As Ivango ate he asked, "Old woman, do you not hear anything about five men who drift in from the sea?"

The old woman said, "No, I do not hear anything about them."

Then Ivango thought for awhile, and said, "Do not be afraid to tell me about them. If you should tell me, I will give you my sword."

"I am so old and easy to forget things," the old woman then said. "I remember now. There are five brothers here, which drifted in several days ago. They are now with the cruel chief. Tomorrow the chief will deal with them cruelly."

"Do you go there to join them?" asked Ivango.

"Yes, I will be there," answered the old woman, "for he always comes after me when anything goes on."

Ivango then asked her, "Do you go by yourself, or with aid?"

"I do not go myself, but he sends aid who pulls me on a sled."

After questioning her, Ivango killed her and cut the skin off her face and hands very carefully. He put the skin of her hands on his own, like a pair of tight gloves; and he put the skin of her face on his face, and his face looked like the face of the old woman. He then put her clothes over his fine clothes. His trousers were made of seal skin, and had strips of white reindeer along the legs, and they were trimmed with baby-seal hair dyed red. His clothes would thus be covered. And so with the old woman's clothes on, he waited until daybreak.

As the day began to dawn, a man called in and said, "Old Woman, are you wide awake? If so, the Chief sends us to get you, for he is going to have a big time."

Ivango answered, "Yes, I am awake." So he crawled to the entrance where the men picked him up and said, "You, Old Woman, it seems that you are heavier than the last time."

The pretending old woman said, "I get so fat these days, because I do not

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do anything. I am too old."

The men pulled her to the Chief's house and lifted her up and went in. The five brothers were there. The pretending old woman crawled to the entrance way and sat.

"Old woman," the chief then said, "You must come here to the sleeping quarters where it is warm."

But the pretending old woman said, "I would rather be comfortable here where the cool breeze comes in." So Ivango, as a pretending old woman, saw his brothers sitting together far back at the end of the room.

There was a lamp burning in the center of the room, and a stiff piece of walrus rope was hanging over the seal oil lamp. It was dry and stiff from the heat, and was about a yard long.

After some moments the chief looked around at everybody, and stepped to the center of the room. He took the stiff rope in his hand. He then caught the oldest of the brothers by the wrist and began beating him as hard as he could. As the rope hit the man's naked back, big red stripes would appear, and the man all but cried as he was whipped.

One by one the Chief whipped the brothers, and at last he caught hold of the youngest of them all, who said, "I wish Ivango could see me!" He said this several times, and the Chief began to laugh.

"Let Ivango see him!" cried the cruel Chief.

This touched Ivango's heart. So the pretending old woman rose up suddenly and said, "I will see you!" And the Chief just stood there in astonishment. Ivango tore off the old woman's clothes with his thumb, and took off the skin mask and the skin over his hands, and with quick, long steps he walked over to the surprised Chief and caught him around the waist.

Ivango began to squeeze slowly, and soon the eyeballs of the Chief popped out, and his internal organs were spilled from his body, so great was the strength of Ivango.

After so murdering the cruel Chief, Ivango sat at the door; for there were many in the house who came to watch the cruelty of the Chief. He then began to question his brothers as to how others had treated them. His brothers pointed to every person who had treated them kindly, so Ivango let them out of the house. There were many who had been cruel, like the Chief; so Ivango killed each one of them with his own hands. When it was all over, he and his brothers began to prepare for the journey home.

The men whom he had saved and let out of the house were grateful for being free from the cruel Chief, and they brought many furs of various kinds, which Ivango had never seen before. These they loaded into a large skin boat, and they gave them to Ivango and the other brothers. This boat they towed safely home to Sevuokuk.

* * * *

Many of the other stories speak of chiefs, and of the kinds of skin houses the people lived in; some tell of where the wind and the snow come from, of how the King Islanders came to be; others are rich in the customs of the people.

Waterfowls, which nest on the shore rocks of St. Lawrence Island, make an important contribution toward feeding and clothing the Eskimos. The birds are so thick that they are usualy taken in nets. The skins are used for parka linings.

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Many are about the origins of the birds and animals, and so on.

The story of Ivango was told to me by Paul Silook. But after Silook and the others of his generation are gone, who will have these stories? Will they disappear? Perhaps, because the younger people do not have the interest in these legends that would keep them alive.

At this time, however, the legends of the St. Lawrence Islanders are less colored by the white man's fairy tales than are those of the Eskimos on the mainland—probably because the Islanders have lived in one place for many, many generations, and have had less contact than their mainland kinsmen with the whites.

Many families have two houses, one for summer and one for winter. The summer house is usually larger, and of simple frame construction not much different from the average small Alaska home. It consists of a series of rooms extending from the front door to the back door. Each home is equipped with a stove which burns either wood or coal, the coal being available at the store for forty dollars a ton, and the wood being available free, from the beach. Usually the women gather the driftwood as it comes in from the sea, packing such loads that the average white man would do well to carry half the amount.

The winter houses are different. They usually have two rooms, the back room insulated with skins. The front room is for storage, and it holds more fascination for the newcomer than a side show at a circus. It contains everything from frozen seal and walrus meat through fox skins, seal skins, bones, and unused carcasses. Shelves and pegs hold attractive hunting gear—harpoons and curled walrus rope, clam hooks, fishing nets, seal-skin floats, and pokes. One of the most interesting items of the storage room is a baleen sled, used for hauling in the catch over the ice. Waterfowls are skinned out, and the skins hung up to dry for use later as linings for parkas.

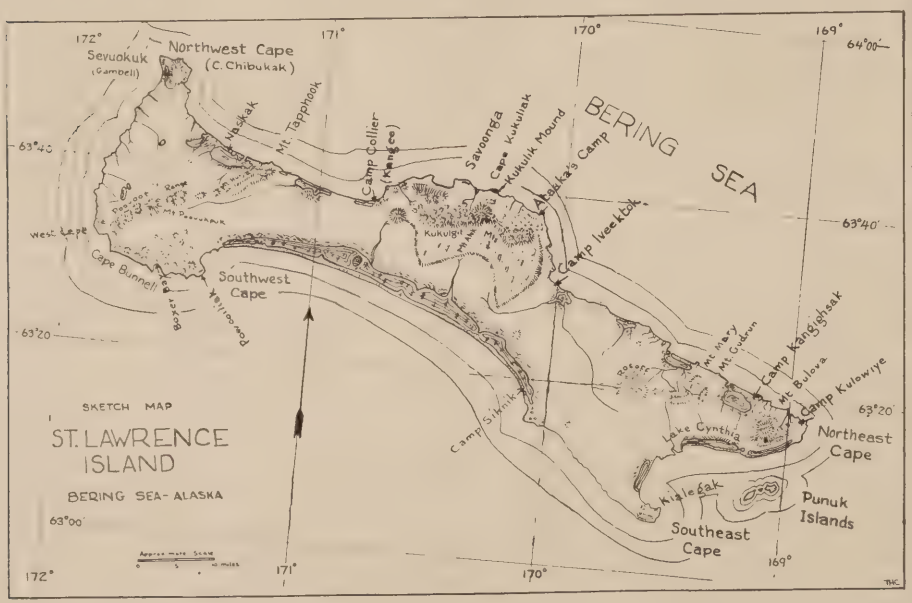
By spring the accumulation is so great that it is almost a necessity to have a summer house in which to live!

The second room, the living room, is entered by pushing away a large skin flap that covers the doorway. A white man must stoop very low, and just bob in. It seems to me that an Eskimo opens the flap and plops into the middle of the floor, something like a seal coming out of the water onto a cake of ice.

Of course a white man, at least one as tall as I, can't stand up in a winter house. The ceiling is too low. The Eskimo doesn't need a high ceiling, because he is short. Nor is the room otherwise large. There are usually a couple of small seal-oil lamps burning for heat and for cooking. No chairs. You use the floor for sitting, sleeping, and eating. A frame drying rack hangs over each lamp for hanging wet garments to dry. There may be a small cupboard conveniently placed for storing a few utensils and items of food.

Long ago, when the houses were of skin or of driftwood and walrus-hide covering, and built partially underground in the manner of a barabara, perhaps the St. Lawrence Islander didn't mind living in crowded quarters. Now his tastes are developing and changing. The younger people, especially, object to the crowded winter houses.

Often a household has two or three extras to take care of—in-laws, parents, or close relatives. While sleeping arrangements would be difficult for you or me, the Eskimos solve the problem to their satisfaction. They lay out the furs on the floor by the wall next to the entrance. Each has his allotted place to sleep, and no one offers any complaint. If one happens to have tuberculosis and must hack and spit, he takes a can, places it beside him, and hacks and spits at will. No one seems to care.



St. Lawrence Island, sprawled in the Bering Sea west and slightly south of Nome and just forty miles from Siberia, is of vast archaeological and anthropological interest. Its people were probably the first to come to the North American continent.

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I never learned how they manage the matter of toilet facilities, but I have every reason to believe it causes them no embarrassment. Circumstances that would make the white man blush are considered by them as normal. While most of the homes are spotlessly clean, I have stepped over chamber pots that had been used recently, and no effort was made to hide them or cover them.

An Eskimo friend and I used to do a lot of visiting at night, going from house to house. He would burst in and start talking as soon as he hit the doorway.

"Chauncy," I asked him one day, "Why don't you knock before you go in? They might be doing something they wouldn't want us to see."

"Eskimo never do anything he no want anybody to see," was his answer.

When you enter their homes, the women keep right on sewing, or making sinew threads, or whatever they may be doing. If the woman of the house happens to be squatting beside the stove, she keeps right on squatting. Some of the younger women will enter into the conversations, or enter freely into the answering of questions. At all times the family is at ease. Sometimes the children will run and hide, peeking at you from some vantage point and giggling. But in the main they are well-behaved and not very bashful.

NOR ARE THE women sensitive about their appearance. Never any brushing back of hair, running to the mirror, or other symptoms of inferiority. No doubt these will come, however, for I noticed that lipstick and perfume are coming into wide use among the younger set.

A young lady can make a quick and cool appraisal of a stranger without the slightest sign of emotion, and then have a lot of fun with the other girls discussing him, even mimicking the way he walked or did some particular thing. When they know you well enough, they will enjoy laughter and wholesome fun as much as anyone else.

Their contact with white men has been slight. However, with the boys returning from the Army, and with Outsiders going there to live and work for the Weather Bureau and the Civil Aeronautics Authority, some kind of social life should soon spring up on the Island. Now there is none of any consequence. Traditional interpretive dancing is carried on in the homes, or among small groups. They perform at Fourth of July celebrations, or on other important occasions. But there is no theater, no ballroom dancing.

The religious life is very strict, and places a taboo on just about everything. The people go to church regularly, and I must say that they make every effort to abide by the teachings they receive. I am sure they do not understand all the Biblical injunctions, but they do try to be good people.

While hanging onto their old ways, these people are grasping the new. The old ways will disappear, for the modern ways are easier and more alluring. They want modern clothing, stoves, washing machines, dishes, chairs and tables. With these will come modern methods of heating and cooking, and a change of foods. They can read and write. Soon they will think in English, and orient themselves more and more with modern civilization.

The old marriage customs still prevail. Only a few have ever married persons of their choice in the white man's way. A young man used to have to work a long time for his woman, after his parents had made a deal with her parents. Now they don't have to work so long as they used to.

A good many young men and women on the Island are now of marriagable age; but the teacher of the Alaska Native Service has put his foot down and said no. The couples are too closely related. Intermarriage has done a lot of harm, and it is generally conceded that new blood is needed on the Island. This situation will be relieved somewhat, eventually, by the fact that, as fast as they can, the Islanders are adopting children from the mainland. The Eskimos love children, and several barren couples have adopted children. Among the Islanders themselves, it is common practice for a family to lend a child to another family for rearing. So there seems no reason why they should not adopt other children. Certainly they make wonderful foster parents for an orphan child!

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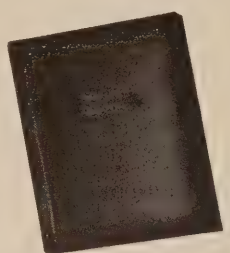

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THE ALASKA SPORTSMAN
Ketchikan, Alaska

The question of tuberculosis looms large. Many have referred to St. Lawrence as a tuberculosis-infected island, and therefore a cry is raised in respect to this disease whenever children are about to be adopted. At Gambell and Savoonga there are nurses; but there should be at least one doctor for the two villages. In such isolated spots, an epidemic could wipe out an entire village before help could come.

Even without an epidemic, there's enough sickness on the Island now to keep a doctor busy night and day, and it is to be hoped that the Alaska Native Service will supply one soon. As it is, the teacher is also the doctor. He has watched for hours, even days, over patients with pneumonia, tuberculosis, or an unknown malady. He converses with the doctor at Nome by way of short-wave radio. The doctor prescribes; the teacher administers.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Dougherty have been at Gambell for six years as teachers, overseers, guardians, and organizers. They know the St. Lawrence Islanders better than anyone else, and it is no wonder that the Eskimos are willing to follow their lead.

These teachers, and their predecessors, have given the Eskimos education. There is an electric light plant, and eighty-five per cent of the Eskimos have electric lights and electric radios in their homes. They can get the news broadcasts, select their favorite music, or flip the dial from station to station, the same as you and I. A capable council governs the community, and looks after the interests of the people in the Gambell Native Store. Through the store they may purchase or order anything they may wish. Through it they sell their ivory carvings, which are shipped in large quantities to the office of the Alaska Native Service in Juneau. It is a co-operative enterprise, doing a business of about thirty-five thousand a year for about two hundred families.

Furs on the island are the white fox, and they bring a revenue of about fifty thousand dollars a year. This isn't much money for a community; but on St. Lawrence you don't need a great deal, and it looks as if the people there are about as prosperous as we who have to do all our trading with money, alone.

THEY HAVE several thousand reindeer on the Island, and each family owns a share. When reindeer meat is to be distributed, or any other meat, for that matter, the widows and the sick get their share first, under the supervision of a young council member. Their ability and willingness to share with one another is a lesson we all could learn from. Any extra money they have from the sale of ivory, skins, and so forth, is put into war bonds. They have learned to be possessive, to acquire and to hold. In this way they are different from the Eskimos of the mainland.

The women still wear their bright-colored parkas, while the men wear the white-duck slipover type lined with the breast of waterfowl—a warm, serviceable garment. Few parkas are made of fur. The seal skins are valuable for making mukluks—long waterproof ones for winter, and short, light ones for summer.

Most of their garments have little trim or fancy work on them. The parkas of the women and children are usually trimmed with rabbit fur, which must be imported. The babies look like stuffed dolls in their all-over garments which cover their hands and feet, like a white child's sleeping garment. They have big rabbit-skin ruffs on the hoods, and a neat arrangement of a slobbering bib under the chin. A V-shaped diaper is where it belongs, except it is on the outside, held in place by a string about the infant's waist.

The St. Lawrence Island women do not carry their babies inside their parkas, as most Eskimos do. Instead, they carry them astride their necks. So far as I know, this is the only place in which that custom prevails. The

mother may go about her daily tasks—sewing a covering for a skin boat, using an oola, or woman's knife, to skin out a seal or remove blubber—and her youngster, with perfect balance, rides astride her neck, king of all he surveys.

It is a pretty sight in summer to see these mothers, who are notorious gossipers, gather in clustered groups in their bright-colored parkas, with their doll-like babies on their shoulders and necks. The men are quite willing to listen and add their two-bits worth.

Some of their habits will no doubt change when they adopt what we call manners. They think nothing of letting their noses drip, then snuffing with quick, husky sounds. Nor do they mind spitting freely at your very feet. They do not use handkerchiefs, nor cover their mouths when they cough. In the early morning when they first get up, they cough all the time. Cough and spit, sniff and snuff—such things sometimes get on your nerves.

But the unpleasant things will change. Everything is in favor of change for the better. Electric lights they have had for some time. Now they have running water to village water sheds. They have an airfield, good homes, a well-managed store, an excellent school and teachers. They need to learn more sanitary methods of keeping, preparing, and handling food. In time, these will come.

It's fascinating on St. Lawrence Island. The old and the new are coming together so swiftly that it is no wonder we watch with interest these people who were probably the first to come to this continent. Some traveled on; others remained on the Island. How long ago it started, nobody knows.

ALASKA ODDITIES!
AN AVIATOR FLYING LONGITUDINALLY ABOVE THE DIOMEDES, FLIES ALONG THE INTERNATIONAL DATE LINE BETWEEN TODAY AND TOMORROW SEES TWO CONTINENTS, TWO NATIONS, TWO OCEANS, TWO ISLANDS TWO CLIMATIC ZONES, AND TWO DAYS!
IT IS NO EXAGGERATION WHEN THEY SAY SOME BROWN BEARS STAND TWO MEN HIGH AND WEIGH 1800 POUNDS, AND THEIR CUBS AT BIRTH WEIGH 20 OUNCES!
A BEAVER SKULL FOUND NEAR ANCHORAGE BY JACK O'CONNER OF JUNEAU HAD A TOOTH WHICH HAD GROWN SO LONG, IT PENETRATED THE BRAIN, CAUSING DEATH! IN ORDER TO PREVENT THEIR INCISORS FROM GROWING A BEAVER MUST WORK!
UP POPS 22
LT. J.G. EDITH L. WILLGOOS, SPAR BASED IN THE FAR NORTH WHOSE BIRTHDATE IS ON THE 22ND OF NOVEMBER WAS SWORN IN ON THE 22ND OF MAY. HER FIRST PERMANANT ASSIGNMENT WAS ON THE 22ND OF NOVEMBER. SHE DEPARTED BOSTON THE 22ND OF FEBRUARY, CAME UP IN STATEROOM 22, ARRIVED IN ALASKA THE 22ND OF MARCH AFTER 22 MONTHS OF SERVICE!

What to Expect in Alaska

By J. B. CALDWELL

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The publication is illustrated with the photographic reproductions which appeared in the original articles, and several additional ones. It is printed on high-quality paper, and has an attractive cover with a large photograph of a cabin home in a setting of beautiful mountains.

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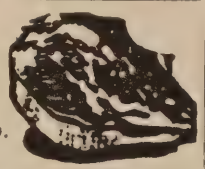

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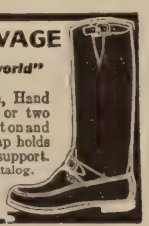

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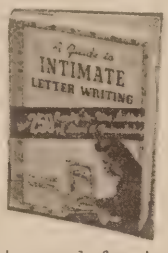
A GUIDE TO INTIMATE LETTER WRITING



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NEVER TOO OLD

(Continued from page 13)

a beheaded chicken! I held my breath, but try as I would, I couldn't hold that rifle steady! Seconds didn't exist; there were only hours in my time table. Gasping and sizzling with rage, I tried again. Finally my trigger finger and the sight clicked. Bang went the gun, and down went the bear. The breechblock clanked. The bear roared. He was up in a second, tearing up the alders and coming toward me.

Could I hit him again? I squeezed the trigger again as I swung the barrel of the gun in his direction. A roar showed that he had been hit—but where? He was charging right at me. Suddenly swinging to the left, he stumbled. Falling, he skidded on his belly into the creek.

Thinking he was a goner, I looked for the other bear. He was just dashing into the woods, and I sent a snap shot at his vanishing rump. But I saw no effects of the shot, and he disappeared for good.

Hearing a noise to my right, I whirled. The first bear was just staggering into the brush across the creek. My dander was up and "my roach a pintin' for'ards," as Jim said. Forgetting my game leg and customary caution, I scrambled after him. Dropping on all fours, I crawled into the thicket. The woods were so thick I could get only flickering glimpses of him. Suddenly he turned his head and glared at me. I fired again.

"What'n hell you doin' in there? Ya want to be chawed up?" Jim's sharp voice snapping at me from the edge of the timber startled me so that I nearly dropped my rifle. So intent was I on watching the bear and expecting him to charge at any instant, that I had forgotten entirely about Jim.

I backed awkwardly out of the thicket. After a reasonable wait during which we heard no sounds from Bruin, we poked cautiously through the brambles.

"A dandy," said Jim. "Congratulations." And I was satisfied.

As we emerged from the timber I remembered having shot at the other bear, and asked Jim to go over and see if there had been any results. His jaw dropped.

"Good God, man, you didn't shoot at that bear, too? And you tangled with this devil close up in the brush!"

To my plea of guilty, all he said was, "Hell!" Jim is by nature a polite man. I wondered what his queer facial expression meant, but I didn't dare ask.

The season was advancing, and I wanted another Brownie. We headed northwest for Baranof Island. Across Chatham Strait we entered a narrow inlet a quarter to a half mile wide. The water was very deep—no anchorage except at the upper end, and there in twenty fathoms. The mountains were wonderful, with rain and waterfalls tumbling down on either side. Suddenly the sun broke out, turning the cascades into molten silver. A rainbow spread for a moment from wall to wall in the canyon. The sun darted behind a heavy cloud, and darkness mantled us.

In the morning we found two fine rivers which entered the inlet a quarter of a mile from the yacht. At the head of the valley a mile away, a magnificent two-hundred-foot-wide waterfall made a grand five-hundred-foot leap over the canyon wall, then continued in long cascades to the floor of the valley. Hundreds of gulls flitted over the rivers. This meant salmon, and they, in turn, meant bears!

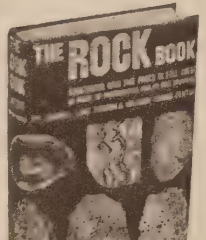
AT TWO-THIRTY in the afternoon, Lee Considine, my guide, and I went ashore in the dinghy. The right-hand river looked the most promising, so we followed its rocky shore for half a mile. There we were halted by a steep cascade, so we settled ourselves in the edge of the bushes to watch.

We figured that Mr. Bruin would come out on the other side of the water, about two hundred and fifty yards away. Thousands of salmon were fighting and spawning in the riffles. While keeping a keen eye out for bears, we cast sidelong glances at them. They probably ranged between ten and fifteen pounds in size. Many of them were dying, but in their last gasps they were still flopping and splashing furiously. At last giving up, they drifted down the swift current bumping helplessly against others still fighting and spawning. At last in the quiet waters they lay by the thousands, white and glistening—dead.

"There he comes," Lee whispered. Sure enough, on the other shore came Bruin, scrambling down the mountainside through thick brush. As he emerged into a clear spot I drew a bead on him, and took up the slack of the trigger. I hoped he'd stop!

"Don't let him get into that brush," whispered Lee, as I held the gun on the bear. At the crack of the Springfield, Bruin dropped with a roar. As he was still struggling, I handed him another 220-grain bullet.

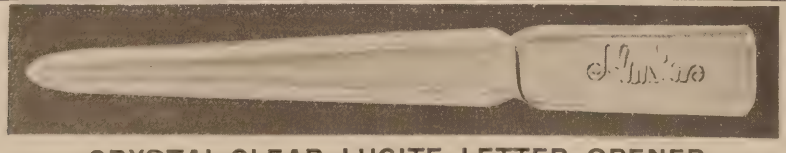
The Rock Book



By Carroll Lane Fenton and Mildred Adams Fenton

Man builds rocks into houses, skyscrapers and bridges; he burns them for warmth, takes metal from them for his machines, uses them to make medicine, dyes and ornaments, even for flavoring his food. Beyond all this rocks tell us how the earth on which we live has come to be what it is. Ancient granites trace the rise of the continents; crumpled rocks tell of mountain systems which time has worn away. Even shifting winds, currents and breaking waves are recorded on beds of stone. THE ROCK BOOK traces all these stories, and so describes the rocks themselves that he who studies a pebble may learn what it is and what it means. In this readable and fascinating book the Fentons combine a practical nature guide with the romantic story of the earth's surface. There is a particularly useful chapter on rock hunting and collecting. Illustrated with five pages in full color, 48 pages of photographs and 40 line drawings. 357 pages. **Price postpaid $6.00**

THE ALASKA SPORTSMAN Ketchikan, Alaska



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On...

ST. LAWRENCE ISLAND

By Paul H. Nelms

FOR three years, during the war, construction jobs took me to some rather remote sections of Alaska. Long months in many of these places sometimes made you feel that it would be best to remain in or near the larger cities, like Anchorage or Fairbanks. There was an appeal in the carefree life of these booming cities, so we more or less developed two types of "gripes." One was to get to the cities when we were away; and, when we were in the city, to swear that if we ever got out in the field again, there we would be content to remain!

Usually I prefer to be in the most remote regions, seeing new things and learning of new people. Often we carried our requests to the extreme and sometimes got extreme results. You may be kidding and they in charge would take you seriously or for that matter they really couldn't or didn't care where they sent you, for a job had to be done.

It was just after one of these brief visits to Anchorage that I remarked to a construction engineer of the Civil Aeronautics Administration, "Why don't you send me way out—somewhere that's a little off the beaten path?" and I waited to see the effect of my half humorous request.

"Well," he replied, "as a matter of fact, I have just returned from Gambell, where I found not the slightest congestion in traffic. In case you don't know it, Gambell is on St. Lawrence Island, right in the path of the icefloes, and there is exactly where you are going. And if you get crowded you might ride over to Siberia on an ice cake where I also understand you are not exactly bothered by Metropolitan City Life!!"

Several days later our plane, the NC-19 squatted at the end of the runway at Merrill Field. Her nose was stuffed with duffel bags and brief cases, rolls of blue prints and boxes of tools. Her belly bulged with more tools, food and equipment. Five of us crawled in and sprawled out where we could find a place to sprawl. It was raining; the sky was overcast, the pilot was cheerful but there wasn't anything romantic about our get-away. The higher we climbed the more rain turned to sleet, pretty soon ice formed and would break off, slapping the fuselage with a bang! Three men had gone to sleep by the time we were over the mountains and the fourth looked at me and said, "Who in hell talked me into this?" I grinned and thought, "Well, it isn't exactly a beautiful day for scenery but we are going new places." We slid out of the clouds and landed at McGrath where the plane took on gas and I took on a cold, dry, tasteless sandwich and a cup of mud for one dollar.

The sunshine broke through over Norton Sound and the shimmering sea beneath was a pretty sight. Now and then you could see a small cluster of shacks along the shore line—that was all the likelihood of habitation. There was a long stretch of desolate, bleak and barren country to remind one that Alaska is still a vast unexplored wilderness. I pondered the map remembering the little dots that marked the Eskimo villages of this vast area. This was their country and still farther north was more country, still theirs. Here they could live their primitive, carefree life, be better off than after we brought them "our ways." I thought of the oil fields around Pt. Barrow, and gold of the Nome district. I even wished for the log books of all whaling ships that annually left for the Arctic waters for long expeditions, that I might find references to these St. Lawrence Islanders. What was it really like over there? I knew Eskimo villages along the mainland, but St. Lawrence was supposed to be different. Dreary reflections were instantly blotted out for we were over Nome. The sun was bright and as we set down on the runway I was absolutely flabbergasted to see so many planes. It looked like thousands of transport, bombers and fighter planes. Lend Lease was in evidence for the Red Star of Russia was on every plane while Russian pilots laughed and chatted in groups and others took pictures of one another. "Gas wagons" whizzed about gassing up planes. The place was alive and we took on new life.

Somehow I had always imagined Nome as different than it was. Boats lighter freight from miles out, for there is no harbor. No water or sewer systems. In summer, some water is piped and sewage is maintained where it can reach the beach. Water may be purchased from a water wagon for drinking purposes, which hauls from the springs daily. The sewage system consists of the "Honey Wagon" which for a fee makes regular calls at intervals throughout the week, removing your toilet pails and leaves you "empties" till he calls again.

Old machinery, relics of the early gold rush days, is littered all over the place. Shacks fringe the city and houses front right to the street. They appear to have been built in a hurry as if one was anxious to have to have a place to get into before the cold winter set in. Board walks enable one to walk out of the mud, where they have them, and all through the night you can hear the clunk, clunk of feet while you wonder if the people ever go to bed!

There is a brisk business everywhere in Nome. In summer the main street is teeming with life and some bars are so crowded you have to wait till someone comes out before you go in! Eskimo girls in parka and mukluks parade up and down the street in groups, filling the air with jovial laughter. Out from the city on the sand spit the King Islanders came each summer to sit under their upturned umiaks and carve ivory for the tourists, who never cease to marvel at the wonder of the Northland.

Some day engineering will give Nome a water and sewage system that will function throughout its long winters. The city will take on new life and grow in a permanent way and become quite modern in its physical set-up, for the people there are of "stern stuff" and of all who go there this strange thing happens: The longer you are there the more you like Nome.

The C.A.A. already has a large communication station well staffed and the Army Airfield is a work of genius with facilities for large numbers of planes.

Good weather prevailed and next day, after an hour and a half over water, we landed on the bumpy airfield at Gambell

"How will you do that stitch? That's easy, we'll do it this way

All photos by the author

on St. Lawrence Island. It was then I realized I was really off the beaten path this time. Instantly I liked the place. There is a weirdness about it but the natives are so friendly and good natured you couldn't help but feel at ease. The entire population came out to meet the plane. The men wore white drill parkas, the women had parkas of every color, flowered calico, pink, yellow, green, and even striped bed ticking, all adorned with a neat ruff of rabbit fur dyed black about the hood.

Likewise the children were as colorful in their younger outfits, while the babies "took the show" astride their mother's necks and shoulders, padded in blue stuffed suits with a massive hood trimmed in rabbit fur. They alone seemed wide eyed with excitement—all others showed passive interest. Quite a few of the men and older boys pitched in and helped unload the plane to waiting tractor sledges.

Once while moving a rifle an Eskimo adult grinned and asked, "Maybe this your gun?" whereupon he promptly took it out of the case and gave it a thorough examination, passed it around to several others and then added, "Maybe you trade to me for ivory, it's a very fine rifle."

They know their rifles, too. I saw every imaginable rifle: 220 Swift, 218 Bee, 219 Zipper, 270 Winchester, 30-06, 300 Savage, and 30-30's galore. The shotgun is in great demand because it enables them to secure many more large waterfowl than the rifle.

But when they saw my camera cases and told me they had their own movie camera, projector and films they had taken of their own walrus and whale hunts, I had begun to wonder if I was in such a remote place after all! Later I learned that the teacher of the Indian Affairs had encouraged them to make such pictures.

The first thing I learned was that on St. Lawrence Island the weather is bad. Day after day my field notes show: "Rain, fog, and wind." Wind was almost constant, while fog drifted in at will. The Island is engulfed in fog practically all the year. When the sun does shine during summer months, you can always find women with their babies out in groups on the south side of the houses to exchange gossip.

The village of Gambell has a large group of frame houses, irregularly placed, but in the main, they front the sea at safe distance from the shore ice which piles high inland during winter.

Most of the households own two houses —one is known as a summer house and in this they live during the summer months in a less crowed condition, whereas the winter house is indeed a winter home. It is usually much smaller than the summer home, built of two rooms. The back room is really a room within a room, insulated with furs, on the floor is the walrus hide, hard and smooth and has the effect of a good rug. In this room the family sleeps, each in his allotted place; it is also the place they cook, eat and spend most of their long cold dark months of winter. For heat, a seal oil lamp burns constantly. This same lamp serves as a cook stove over which hangs a pot. Since food for an Eskimo does not need severe boiling there is sufficient heat, and the room with its scant ventila-

Digging for fossil ivory.

tion gets unbelievably warm. In olden days (and in some homes now) the practice was to strip to the waist when inside, laying the damp garments and furs over the drying rack which is suspended from the ceiling over the stove.

The only other room of the winter house is the outer room, which is first entered from the outside through the entrance way door. This door is small, about three feet square and high off the ground. A man can swing one leg over the sill and straddle in while women and children require a stepping stone. She steps on the stepping block, deftly raises her parka, throws over one leg, bends her body so that a leg and head goes in at the same time. They can make a quick entrance.

Most outer rooms have clean gravel floors. The most fascinating parts of this room are the walls. Hung about are harpoons; skin ropes; seal skin pokes, some of which are inflated with air, while others are packed full of "greens," an item of food consisting of willow leaves, herbs and other plant life gathered from the tundra. Moldy green covers the skins of the waterfowl which have been skinned out carefully and hung up to dry, later to be used as lining for parkas, thus giving a light, warm garment that withstands the howling gales. Fishing gear, nets, baleen sleds, guns, pots, barrels of seal oil and numerous other items are hung or placed in corners, making this room a catch-all place but fascinating beyond belief for one who has never before seen such articles. By the end of the winter they are glad to move back into the summer house.

Back of the houses are the open-air meat racks. Now a meat rack is a high wooden or whale bone structure made in a frame-like rack, on which is thrown chunks of reindeer ribs, walrus and seal meat to dry and cure. It is of such height as to be safe from the dogs which are chained beneath.

I asked the use and purpose of these racks and it was all carefully explained to me. It simply was that this meat was not for the dogs alone. It was that the Eskimo likes his meat hard and dry also, and if you please a bit on the "high" or tainted side! I suggested I thought it had a different purpose so my friend soberly eyed me and asked, "For why we put meat on rack?"

"Well," I replied, "in case you get lost while out to sea in fog, all you have to do is keep going and wait till the wind changes, then by and by you smell a meat rack and know right away which way is home!" He had a good sense of humor and laughed, related it to others and they laughed too. But without joking, I can say truly that this curing meat packs a terrific wallop to the nostrils!

Another thing I learned with surprise was that all local labor (Eskimo) was to be hired at the rate of 70 cents an hour. The reason given was that if they received more they would quickly get dissatisfied and quit. I say I was surprised because at hand was the Alaska Wage Schedule for construction work for private contractors and government employees, as set forth by the War Labor Board. There seems to be a question, "Was the Government exploiting labor or enabling an Eskimo to have more than he previously had by working regularly at a rate which would keep him on the job longer to attain sufficient money to make an impression on his needs?"

Much money earned quickly is of little use to an average Eskimo as he does not know how to handle this phase of his wealth. If it comes easy, he spends it easy on trivial and useless items. On St. Lawrence Island, however, the Eskimo does know more about money and its uses than on the mainland. He is learning to be possessive, to acquire and to hold. He owns stock in the Gambell native store, a cooperative enterprise; he also owns his reindeer, his homes, and a few war bonds. Certainly he has a better equipped home than the mainlanders. The radio is electrically operated and the appeal of the "commercials" has its effect even on an Eskimo, the same as the mail order catalogue! And, I am not so sure that learning the art of holding and the use of money isn't one of the main ways the Eskimo is going to be able to hold his own with modern civilization which is creeping in all over and in the case of St. Lawrence, is rushing in.

Right here is a good time to say that probably the most important person to the Eskimo is the school teacher, because more often the teacher is the one person who is interested in teaching specific things and is aware of the changes taking place; the teacher knows each Eskimo family, and local needs, family habits and trends, and points the way to cope with the modern civilization. Perhaps most important is the "use of" this new way of life. I say "use of" because with civilization in all its complexities, comes the extinction of the Eskimo race!

Another illustration will suffice to show what I mean by the use of money and a transfer to white man's ways. Let's take a contented family that wants a modern cook stove and let us say they finally get one. It has to burn beach wood or coal, or be adapted to fuel oil. Fuel oil is worth considering, but there isn't enough wood washed ashore to supply fuel, and coal costs at least forty dollars a ton. So, there being no place where they work for wages on the island, they must produce in white fox furs at trapping and in ivory carvings sufficient trading value for coal and fuel oil for at least nine months cold weather. Trapping at Gambell for all the village produces about $50,000 in furs for 50 or 60 families. Ivory is becoming more scarce each year. But this stove is only the beginning, because with such an instrument it is infinitely capable of more than just giving off heat. It cooks (bakes, boils and fries), and don't forget your young Eskimo girl can read and write, and a recipe book is easily transferred into the items it claims if directions are followed! This simply means a change of diet, which has to be purchased. The present diet of walrus and seal meat is comparatively cheap, if you hunt them you can find them, and they do not require money. All our advertising is crying out "Make them want that which we have to sell." When the St. Lawrence Islander can't produce enough trade goods for modern living, perhaps he will want to leave this Island for the mainland, and when on the mainland, his controls over his family are gone—traditions disappear, and as a race customs are lost. Thus, just an

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ALASKA—Land of Superlatives

By Luther "Doc" Norris

Alaska may be in American territory, but it seems like another world, a mixture of many linds;—a bit of the Rockies, Norwegian fjords, Scottish chill, Switzerland ski bowls, and white Arctic stretches which, if you suddenly woke up there, would have you guessing Siberia or Lapland. Yet many things are exclusively Alaskan, found nowhere else in the world.

Enthusiasts in superlatives delight in the collection of Alaska's biggests, firsts and onlys:

The highest mountains

Of all the national forests in the world, Alaska's Tongass National Forest with 16,000,000 acres is the largest. Switzerland's famous glaciers melt with humility when compared with the group of 5,000 glaciers which enter the Gulf of Alaska, —ice fields covering 20,000 square miles. Mirages in the Arctic surpass those in the Sahara. Alaska has 33 mountains over 10,000 feet high. Mount McKinley is the highest peak in North America, 20,310 feet. The natives have a beautiful name for it, "Denali." To them it is still their "Big Chief." The most perfect symmetrically formed volcano cone on earth is on Unmak Island. The crater of Mt. Katmai is the deepest hole in the globe, 3,700 feet deep and eight miles in circumference.

The most efficient hard rock gold mine in the world, which will soon be in operation again, is beside Alaska's capital city, Juneau. The Territory possesses Uncle Sam's only tin deposits. Alaska is the place where a three ton copper nugget was dug out of a creek.

Alaska is a land still crammed with mystery and secrets hidden from view, but daring explorers, prospectors, naturalists and aviators, who staked their all on the God who made them to carry them through the severest of adventures, have brought back startling fantastic stories. Some tales sound like Marco Polo's fables, but they're true;—for instance the colossal Aurora Borealis Show in the Black Arctic Theatre;—no man-made fireworks can duplicate the swaying, floating draperies and darting shafts of frosty light; the score of white-coned volcanoes, twins of Japan's Fujiyama; the smoking Aleutian chain which is the largest and straightest single line of volcanoes in the

The best fishing

globe; the hot springs for health baths that bubble near a "Norwegian" fjord; peanuts that grow in semi-tropical soil created by hot springs within 50 miles of the Arctic Circle, and along the Kobuk stands a mountain of jade.

Then there's the disappearing island of volcanic Bogoslof, which erupts, disappears and reappears a few miles away. While European volcanoes issue flowing lava, the northern variety steams up and explodes. In 1912, a volcanic explosion was heard 750 miles away. On a few volcanic islands, herded sheep graze. The "Valley of Ten Thousand Smokes" is like a radiator with 10,000 steam jets, each jet jetting. There's a ghost forest of stripped, bleached trees which were asphyxiated by sulphuric acid fumes from the volcano on which it grew. One fellow stumbled into lakes of crude oil. It is no exaggeration when they say some brown bears stand two men high and weigh 1800 pounds, and their cubs at birth weigh under eight ounces.

When Sitka was the Capital early Russian smithies there cast plow-shares and spades for Spanish farmers in California and forged bells for Franciscan missions. The first steam vessel on the Pacific Coast was built on the ways in Sitka harbor. During 1853, ice cakes from fresh water lakes were shipped to California at seventy-five dollars per ton.

Russian trappers, in twelve-foot Bidarkas from Sitka, caught sea otters off the coast of the hamlet of San Francisco, when the people had not yet undertaken to build boats. Thirty thousand-year-old mastadon teeth, as well as fossil remains of camels and redwood trees are churned up by dredges out of the constantly frozen ground of the Interior. In Nome an Eskimo owns a horse, who wears a pair of snow shoes his master made for him to

The biggest bear

travel easily over the deep firm snow.

Alaska is a land of paradoxes—temperature in the very center of the Territory ranges from sixty-five degrees below zero to one hundred degrees in the shade. Central Alaska recently suffered two invasions,—by grasshoppers and Japanese beetles, probable stowed away in imported feed. As yet no frogs, snakes or lizards have arrived. Cabbages grow and grow and grow—some weigh forty-five pounds. The cultivated strawberry record is hen's egg size.

Gardens are a botanical paradise, for flowers puff up to amazing proportions,

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St. Lawrence Island

Continued from Page 13

item of a stove can show how one thing suggests a process of growth into our ways which are built on a different plane of living. I don't propose to know exactly what phase is best for the Eskimo!

Right now they are content in the main with what they have. One item of food is sufficient. I recall we had a young Eskimo girl working in the kitchen, she tried hard to learn cooking and became fairly good on certain items. But to show a trend of thinking and habits, let's take an occasion when I said to her, "Tomorrow we'll bake some bread," she replied, "We have some bread." I looked and we did have bread, two loaves for seven hungry men! Another time I invited company for dinner, we had the school teacher and Jack O'Connor and Mr. Heinz of the Alaska Game Commission, who were stranded there by weather. We had roast goose and all the trimmings, with soup as a starter. The girl was delighted at the gala occasion. Early in the afternoon she said, "I make for us a pie." "That's fine," I said; "what kind of pie?" "Pumpkin pie," she replied.

Into the attic store room I rushed to get a No. 10 can of pumpkin. Later in the day I saw a beautiful pumpkin pie set out to cool.

"Mary," I said, "how many pies did you make?"

"I make for us one pie."

"Who is going to eat it?" I asked.

"We will eat it, all of us," was the answer.

The upshot of the pie baking episode was that she made more pies, but she could only make one pie at a time from a recipe that called for one pie! Thereafter, for cakes and pies, I copied off the recipe and made the necessary multiples in quantities required.

She simply hadn't learned to multiply.

Finally dinner was served and rather than remain away from the table and serve, I took a seat with the guests, with the perfect assurance that at least the efforts of constant teaching had brought results. I had carved the goose, mashed the spuds, peeked at the soup, tasted the peas, salted the gravy and helped myself to a spoonful of dressing, and in hungry anticipation sat down and waited.

First, in came a large platter of goose.

"Do we have soup?" I asked.

"Yes, we have soup," was the polite reply.

So she brought in the soup. Nothing else was forthcoming and the goose was getting cold, so we helped ourselves to meat.

"Do we have potatoes?"

"Yes, would you like some potatoes?"

So we got potatoes, but still nothing else.

"Do we have peas, dressing and gravy?"

"Yes, we have it, shall I bring it?"

By that time I had equipped myself with a towel, a determined manner which I held marvelously in control because of company, and proceeded to help get our meal on the table. This is not poking fun at any one, although it was humorous and vexing at times. The point is: One item of food, eat it. When that is gone, eat the next. Because for generation after generation, they had walrus, so they ate walrus; they had seal, so they ate seal, etc.

Each evening I would visit house to house. We went where we would talk for hours. They would tell me about their hunting, their boats or about the Siberian Eskimo at Indian Point, forty miles across, of how they had relatives over there and used to go regularly in about four and one-half to five hours across the rough stretch of water for visits. I listened to the tales of these people, actual feats performed while hunting and fishing, tales of rescue in the bleak, cold, ice-bound bays, and these tales were told simply as a part of their daily lives without exaggeration. I came to the conclusion that indeed these people, who live in the path of the ice-floes, are a rugged, carefree, and honest lot.

They have kept alive the old myths of the past. They hunt as their ancestors did, day in, day out, from one season to the next, and as religiously now, as in the old days, they divide their catch with others in the village. From the same forsaken spots where their ancestors lived and died, they dig the old fossil ivory for their skilled, exquisite carving, and give never a thought to either its age or the life it once had. Yet, the symbolic art of past cultures is traced anew on the implements and artifacts made by these people today.

The old and new are merging swiftly on St. Lawrence Island, and it is no wonder that I watched with interest the daily lives and customs of these people. Probably the first human occupants of the North American continent, they are a fascinating group, and I hope someday to return before civilization has strained their lives of the primitive, elemental capacity they have for riding with contented freedom on the crest of their meagre lot.

Narrative

Article in Appearing in April 1946 issue of Five Continents

ALASKA
PERM

St. Lawrence is an island of happy folks.

Up in Bering Strait

Goings on at St. Lawrence Island as seen through the eyes of the new missionary, Miss ALICE GREEN.

"WE take Parker and you to Savoonga next week," said the tall good-looking Eskimo who met me as I landed at Gambell by army plane.

Not till next week? No, not till next week—Fourth of July was coming and nothing could persuade the natives to be away from home on the Fourth of July. That is a big time for celebration.

CELEBRATING THE FOURTH

So the Fourth of July came. In the morning races for children were held. The real program began at two. First came a ball-kicking contest for the women. All the women took part. The object of the game is to keep the ball in the air as long as possible by kicking it, without its touching the ground. Following that was the men's version of a ball-kicking contest. They tie the ball to a stick and try to kick it with *both feet* at the same time. After each kick the ball is raised a little higher. The winner of this contest kicked the ball with both feet *when the ball was a foot above his head!* It certainly looked difficult. As if that weren't enough for one day, the men had another race. This time they lay on their stomachs on gravel and wiggled themselves along toward the goal.

After these races, were two sets of tug of war—one for the men and one for the women, and then rope jumping for the men. That is not as simple as it sounds, either. They don't do it as we are accustomed to do, but have a method all their own. Two men swing a rope and a third starts jumping in the approved fashion. Soon he starts lowering himself—first on his hands and knees and finally clear down on his stomach so that he has to roll over the rope as it comes down. Then he raises himself to his feet again. This last part is the hardest and very few regain their feet without missing. Next came the most familiar part of the program, the jumping in the walrus skin. The men gather around the skin and grasp it. Somebody gets in the middle and the men toss him up in the air until he finally falls. The program wound up with a kayak race across the lake.

And so ended the Fouth of July at St. Lawrence Island.

OFF TO SAVOONGA

At nine the next morning we all loaded in a whale boat and took off for Savoonga. There were seventeen in the boat and still it wasn't crowded. It was a lovely day and it only took us six hours to make the trip. The whale boats here are made in New Bedford and they use outboard motors on them. Everybody in Savoonga was at the wharf to meet us. We all shook hands and there was a chorus of "So glad you come. It is lonesome here without mission." (I am mission not missionary; also this is a Presbytery Church instead of Presbyterian. The people can't seem to say such long words.)

Savoonga is right on the Bering Sea, and behind

are some mountains which are volcano craters. There are twenty-five houses in the village; many of them house at least two families and one has three. The place where I live is a real Eskimo house. In order to get in the front door I have to be a contortionist. First I have to double over; then step over an obstruction which is a foot high. My living quarters are 14′ x 16′. This includes bedroom, living and dining room, and kitchen. Next door are two families, one with six children and the other with five, living together in a house the same size as mine!

The village of Savoonga was built in 1917 and was settled by a group of younger people from Gambell who wanted to go into the reindeer business. They are more progressive and more willing to take up new ideas than those at Gambell. Their houses are for the most part quite clean and look much like many small homes in the states. They are beginning to put linoleum on the floors, use beds, tables, and chairs. Each member of a family has his own cup instead of there being but one to a family.

Savoonga has a population, according to the spring census (1945), of 224 natives, three whites, and 443 dogs. The people of St. Lawrence Island are more Asiatic looking than the mainland Eskimos. Some of them are Siberian. Before the war they used to make an annual trip to Siberia to call on relatives. This year a group of Siberians came over to call on them. They do excellent ivory carving, for which they are paid quite well when they sell to Juneau. They like to trade with the boats that call in the summer, too, but usually come out at the little end of the horn on these deals.

Boats come to the island at intervals. The first one I saw was the Coast Guard cutter with doctors and dentists to give check-ups and pull teeth; then came Pete the trader, who circulates around these out-of-the-way places to buy and sell. The natives were glad to see him as they were just about all out of canned milk. The most important boat of all as far as I was concerned was the freighter U.S.S. Sutherland that brought my year's supply of foodstuffs and other supplies. Almost everything I ordered came through and I had some work before me—shelves to be made, linoleum to be laid, and new furniture to be installed.

I wanted to get the natives to help me—but there are two things to remember when you get the natives to work for you. First, don't expect them to start before 11 a.m. They don't get up till 10, then they have a council meeting to decide whether or not to go out and hunt birds and seal. They watch the sea for an hour. If the water is good, don't expect them at all. Secondly, never try to get one to work alone. The more at a job the happier they are. Finally they came and worked on into the night till everything was done—and donated their time.

Soon a reindeer round-up took place. All the young men left the village for a week to herd the deer into the corral. When that was accomplished, they sent word back to the village for the people to come—they spend about a week at the corral, tea drinking and feasting and butchering the reindeer. Since the water was "bad," they could not go in their boats but had to trek seven miles to the corral. It was quite a sight. Mother would carry the baby on her shoulders in the approved St. Lawrence Island fashion, father carried a tent, and all the children carried their share of the supplies in packs—even the little ones of five or six.

The deer were killed and skinned, and the skins were tanned and prepared for clothing. Most of the people then went back home, but some had to stay until boats could come for the meat. Two boys came all the way back to Savoonga to get materials for Sunday school services at the corral. They had a fourteen-mile hike. I say that is wanting Sunday school pretty badly.

GOING TO CHURCH

For church we use the attic of the schoolhouse. It is not a very beautiful or worshipful place, but we do the best we can. We are hoping to have a church and manse built soon. (See "flash," page 15.) Services are telescoped in the winter in order to get finished before darkness comes. This is a schedule of Sunday services :

10:00 Intermediates
11:00 Juniors
12:00 Primaries and Beginners
1:00 Junior Young People
2:00 Church Service
3:00 Prayer groups for men and women
3:15 Senior Young People

Sometimes it gets very cold. The day after Christmas we held communion services. It was 27 degrees below outside and close to 20 inside. By the time the juice was served it had frozen solid! In spite of the cold almost everyone was present, including 24 young people who joined the church.

Life is full. Every week I go over the lessons with each of the teachers; prepare my sermon and then go over it with my interpreter to be sure he knows what all the words mean; make pastoral calls; meet with the leaders of the various groups and help them prepare their services; meet with the choir for practice.

They love to sing and all day as they work and play they sing hymns. When the young people have a party, they get together and have a hymn sing. That is their idea of a party and they have an awfully good time.

The work here is very enjoyable, and the people are fine people to work with. They enjoy life very much and never seem to have a care in the world.

If you have not yet gone "Prospecting on St. Lawrence Island," be sure to send for the booklet by that name that gives you directions and a lot of fascinating material about the people there and how they live, as well as lots of ideas for programs and fun. Send 10 cents to your nearest C.D.D.

1951

MISSIONARY BIOGRAPHY
No. 11

The girl from Denver who wanted to go north is chatting with Savoonga neighbors.

Alice In Eskimoland

In which a girl from Denver finds a home in a land of white where hunters of the walrus turn carpenter to build a church and men drive home from work in dogsleds

As told to
Patricia Brider
by Alice Green

THE COAST of Alaska, seen on the map, resembles the cavernous face of a crotchety old man with a knobby forehead, bulbous nose, and thin beard, straggling off toward Asia. A bit to the south and west of the nose, and even closer to Siberia, lies St. Lawrence Island, the only body of land in the northern Bering Sea.

On this unlikely island, in an Eskimo village consisting of just 243 people and about a thousand dogs, an event of more than local importance occurred last year. The people of this island village called Savoonga met in the small wooden church on Easter Sunday. They had come to dedicate the church which they had prayed for through many years and had finally built with their own hands. They were also, incidentally, taking their places as citizens of the modern world; for, when they feel up to it, these people can gaze moodily across the Bering waters at the hills of Siberia, Russia's eastern outpost. The people of Savoonga have come a long way from the remote villagers who fifty years ago knew nothing of the white man, his woes and wars and modes of worship.

To help the process of evolution along, I came to Savoonga in July, 1945, as a missionary. I found a neat, primitive village of tiny wooden houses perched boldly on a strip of land between the Bering Sea and a snow-topped mountain range of dead volcanoes.

Cordial as these village people are, nobody comes to their island without a purpose. My own route was a circuitous one. My mother had worked as a missionary nurse at Sitka, and from her my sisters and brothers and I in our earliest childhood heard stories of Alaska. Then every three years Aunt Lottie would descend from the exotic North to visit us in prosaic Denver, Colorado. Aunt Lottie (Miss Lottie Stevenson) was principal of Sheldon Jackson School in Sitka, and her stories and souvenirs made the frozen tundras of the North more real to us than the visible mountains of Denver. My earliest ambition was to go to Alaska.

In 1939, I graduated from Presbyterian Park College in Missouri, then worked in two cold and snowy mountain towns in Colorado as a more or less conscious apprenticeship for my Arctic career. After two years of graduate study I went to Maine as a Sunday school missionary. None of this lessened the magnetic attraction of the North Pole for me. The farther north the better," I told Dr. Jackman, Secretary of the Department of Work of Alaska for the Board of National Missions.

In January, 1945, he assigned me to the place at St. Lawrence Island. I suspect that a number of people at the time considered Dr. Jackman's choice peculiar if not lunatic. I was not a vastly experienced missionary. Furthermore, two government school teachers and sometimes a public health nurse would be my only white companions in Savoonga. Just three other women in National Missions work had ever held such isolated posts—two of them on St. Lawrence Island.

I was to go to Savoonga in May. It was July before I arrived via automobile, steamship, plane, and whale-boat. Every attempt I made to fly to the island from Nome was foiled by perfectly normal Alaskan weather — dense, raging fogs, punctuated by sensational storms. But one day late in June, when a little sunshine had spoiled the usual murk, an Army PBY flew me across the 150 miles of ice-blue sea to Gambell at the western end of St. Lawrence Island. In its contours the island suggests, during most of the year, a huge, hoary caterpillar with a crook in its back and a hump at each end—a luckless caterpillar frozen fast in an Arctic sea. But we saw only the summer greenness of field and mountain as we approached the land.

At Gambell, St. Lawrence's largest settlement, I met the Parkers, our missionaries there. That evening a boat arrived from Savoonga, piloted by Nick Wongittilin, a deacon of the church, and his son Jerry. Their warm, welcoming smiles seemed a friendly omen for me. I hoped their fellow Savoongans would be like them.

A few days later, three mail bags and about seventeen people, including the Parkers and myself, packed into the motor-driven boat and set out along the northern coast of the island. Before long we sighted both Savoonga and its entire population. Everyone had gathered at the beach to meet us. Men in parkas and white snow-shirts, women in colorful print snow-shirts, carrying snugly-wrapped babies on their shoulders, all crowded around, smiling and shaking hands and exclaiming how happy they were to see me. Then the women took me to the mission house, a small, three-room affair, scrubbed bone-clean. Inside, a fire was roaring, water was boiling, and it was terribly hot. That evening I spent in sorting the accumulated mail and then went to sleep, somewhat be-

fuddled with heat and friendliness and smiling faces, which all looked much alike to me.

The next Sunday I held my first church service in the attic of the schoolhouse. Attendance, as at the beach, was 100 per cent. Only illness or absence from the village could keep these people away from Sunday service and Wednesday night prayer meeting. As a congregation, they seemed a preacher's dream. They doted on solid sermons, and loved to pray and sing.

Savoonga Weather

But the sermon was only the start of a week's work in Savoonga. A whole new world of weather and work and customs had to be grasped. I had come in midsummer, the brightest time of the year. The mountains warmed their barren shoulders in the sun; and below, the little stream near the village, free of ice, yielded the water that in winter comes from melted snow. Green grass and weeds filled the fields. This brief time of color and warmth was also the season of sociability, I found, for during the summer boats can call at Savoonga. The first glimpse of a ship was the signal for all of us to run to the beach. It might be a boat bringing a second Christmas in July, bearing gifts sent the year before by American churches. Sometimes it was the Coast Guard cutter, bringing doctors and dentists who gave checkups and pulled teeth (in isolated Savoonga even the dentist is welcome); or Pete the Trader, the Arctic equivalent of the Jewel Tea man, who stops to bargain for ivory carvings; or the freighter which brings my yearly supply of food. In fact, hardly a month passed that summer without a visit from the outside world. If this does not suggest a mad social whirl to you, then you have never been in Savoonga in the winter.

Getting acquainted was a happy feature of my new Arctic career. Though I had left expectations out of my luggage, I had correctly imagined my neighbors would be stoics—but hardly such cheerful stoics. The moral of the ant and the grasshopper would be lost on Savoongans, since they are quite as prudent as one and as carefree as the other. They love to sing, especially hymns; they love to have parties and holidays; and they are ready to love you, too, if you will only introduce yourself. To complete the circle that took me in, we had something in common. All but six of the villagers were Presbyterians. Miss Anna Martin before me, and before her Miss Ann Bannon, who had worked in both Gambell and Savoonga, had seen to that. Of the remaining six, five were Seventh Day Adventists. Only one man, Norman Nunraeli, clung to his faith in storm gods and idols. But his fellow-townsmen made up for him in devotion. Early in July, for example, several of the young men left the village to round up the reindeer in a corral seven miles away. Since they could not return to the village in time, they held Sunday school services at the corral and two boys hiked the fourteen miles to Savoonga and back to get lesson materials.

Satisfying an audience so ripe for religion left me little time for loneliness. Each week I prepared the sermon and studied it with my interpreter. Since I had not been trained to preach, and my interpreter had been only through the fourth grade at Savoonga's government school, I felt we were on a par with respect to sermons. I delivered the sermon in English, pausing after each paragraph while he translated for the congregation to make sure of their understanding. (Actually, all the people of Savoonga speak respectable English.) Each week, too, I met with the choir for practice, went over lessons with the Sunday school teachers, called on my parishioners, and helped the leaders of the church groups to prepare their own programs.

Conventionality

You may be surprised to note that our church calendar has a familiar ring. These people of Savoonga, living under half-primitive conditions in the shadow of the Arctic Circle, are singing the same hymns, enjoying the same boys' and girls' clubs and women's chatter circles as the citizens of New York City or Kankakee, Illinois. Why have they been so eager to take to this conventional form of Christianity?

The answer, probably, is that Christianity gives to their lives a dignity and purpose, a center of social activity that they had not known before. Moreover, they love the Bible with its tales of a familiar way of life. They tell me how their young men, like Jacob, must work for the wife's family for a time before marriage. The homes and customs of Abraham's day were much like theirs, and so was the dependence on the land and on the mercy of a powerful god. And the words about love and sharing—as with most people who share labor, food, and hardship in a primitive community—are taken in the literal spirit in which they were spoken.

Most important, danger and privation are never out of mind or out of season in Savoonga. In the space of a few weeks recently we had four nearly fatal accidents. Just after Thanksgiving two men were coming in by dog team from their trapping camps when they broke through the ice. They were able to pull themselves out of the water and cut their dogs loose. A few days later a man was lost for twelve hours in a howling storm only a few hundred yards from the village. Another man was lost in a storm for two days. Three men who had gone hunting on the ice were stranded when the ice broke. They were saved because the old men who watch the hunting with binoculars saw them being washed out to sea and sent a boat to the rescue. But germs are more menacing than either polar bears or storms. Eskimos are anything but immune to the common cold. Not long ago almost a fifth of the people of the island were tubercular. And even with the white man's boats and weapons they must scramble to get enough to eat. To these people Christianity's promise of comfort and hope, of mercy and salvation, has been irresistible. Comfort in hardship, hope in danger, mercy in error, salvation in death—these are the treasures of religion for the people of Savoonga.

The obstinate Norman Nunraeli came to Christianity at last, and in a dramatic way. I had not been in Savoonga a year when a storm blew Norman into the church, like the last leaf from the dying tree of paganism. Just before Easter in 1946, several of the men made a trip to Gambell by dog team. In Gambell, Norman consulted Rog the Sorcerer, who still did a limited business with a few unreconstructed souls. God could not help him, Norman told his friends as they prepared to return home.

On the return trip one of the sudden and terrible Arctic storms swept down on the party. In the blinding snow and darkness the men moved slowly, trying to stay together; but when they reached Savoonga, hours late, they found that Norman was missing. For days the storm was so severe that no one dared leave the village. On the first clear day, the day before Easter, the men went in search of him. They returned at nightfall. They had found no trace. A storm on Easter morning again pinned the searching party down in the village; then they set out again. Finally, two weeks after Norman had been lost, a team came in to report that they had found two of his dogs dead in the snow. One by one that day the parties returned wearily without news or hope. Then, late at night, the men came pounding at my door. A team had brought Norman in, and he had sent for me.

Norman's Prayer

Norman told us what had happened. When he had realized that he was lost in the storm, he had begun to pray to all the native gods. For two days he prayed while the blinding storm raged without slackening. Finally, abandoning principle in desperation, he tried the Lord's Prayer. The wind abated a little. The sky cleared until he saw a trapping camp not far away. He made his way to the camp, where there was food, and there spent a snug

if lonesome twelve days until the men found him.

The next Sunday Norman came to church. In a few more weeks, presumably spent in mulling over the practical results of prayer, he asked to be baptized. A year later Norman died after a long illness. Before his death he told me that he was not afraid this time because he knew he would be with Christ.

Many of these people, like Norman, die long before their time through illness or accident. Despite this fact—or because of it—they make no complaint of hardship, except only in their lack of a church. In March, 1946, the schoolhouse, where we held our services, caught fire. As usual at such moments the evil north wind began to blow, sending showers of sparks in the direction of our houses. We had no water supply, no defense against fire. While the building burned, we held a prayer meeting in one of the threatened homes. When we left the house, we found that the wind had died and the homes were out of danger. The school, however, had burned to the ground.

Waiting

The government teachers soon left and for many months I was the only white person in Savoonga. Two years passed before the school could be rebuilt. In the interim we held church services in relays at each other's houses. The building of a church became our greatest ambition. We asked the Board of National Missions for help in obtaining building materials. The Board had already granted $5,000 for this purpose, but obtaining the scarce materials and shipping them to Savoonga took time. Years passed while we waited for the ship to bring the precious boards and nails for our church. Meanwhile the people went on about the business of wresting a living from a landscape singularly barren. In the winter they trapped the white fox for his fur; in the spring and summer they hunted seal, walrus, and birds. In these vital activities I was sometimes a fascinated spectator and sometimes a hopeful helper. My missionary duties have no limit except time's. From time to time I have served as Savoonga's radio operator and nurse. During the spring walrus hunt I have the most fun, helping the little children to drive the dogsleds across the ice to meet the boats returning with food. If the catch is good no one will go hungry during the long, dark winter months to come.

In September snow appears on the mountain peaks and drifts down, day by day, like an endlessly unrolling carpet, to cover the plain to the sea. Each family packs food and equipment and the Sunday school materials which I have prepared for months in advance, and goes to the trapping camps. Soon the village is almost deserted. Then the ice pack, vast and white, moves in slowly from the North. When the sea ice joins the shore ice and the sea grows silent, it is like the turning of a key in a lock. The days shrink to a few hours of light around noon. The temperature falls, at times to thirty degrees below zero; the snow drifts to the height of two or three men. I make my pastoral calls with a shovel now, and cram all the Sunday church services into a hectic five-hour stretch in the middle of the day.

Holy Days

Savoonga invariably has a white Christmas. By December 25th all the trappers have returned. We have a grand Christmas program, feast, and celebration, and everyone exchanges gifts. On Christmas Day, and Easter too, the choir goes caroling from house to house. At four o'clock of an Easter Sunday morning one year, this hardy group went caroling in a blinding snowstorm. But even the Savoonga choir is not superhuman. Sometimes at Christmas more than half the people are in bed with colds and flu. When many are ill, we broadcast the services on loudspeakers so that everyone can hear. Savoonga's Christmas spirit in such emergencies recalls the words of an old carol: "Let nothing you dismay"—a handy slogan in the Arctic. On the day after Christmas of 1945, for example, before a full house bundled in parkas and *komyocks*, we held one of the fastest Communions on record. By the time we were ready to serve the grape juice it had frozen in the glasses.

On the very day after this chilly Communion, with the temperature at twenty below zero, I had that spine-shaking experience without which no account of Arctic life is complete—my first dog-team trip. The dog-team passenger leaves most things to the dogs, and the rest to the Lord. For this journey to Gambell, my friends zipped me into a sleeping bag and tied me to the sled to prevent my falling off. Jimmie, our driver, pointed the team in the general direction of Gambell and the dogs set out over the snow, thoughtfully choosing the largest rocks to go over and now and then taking off after a fox or reindeer. When we reached Gambell, fifty miles and seven hours later, I was paralyzed from sitting. The return trip was even more interesting: the dogs ran away, throwing off the driver, tipping the sled, and dragging me (still tied on) for some distance. These Eskimo dogs, what with lack of discipline and sometimes lack of food, are often half-savage. Several of them, in fact, once made a spirited attempt to eat me. I had gone with one of the men on his trapping rounds. In one trap we found a white fox. While Kingeekuk went to inspect his catch, the sled dogs began to bark and leap frantically. Then Kingeekuk motioned to me and I took a few steps in his direction. The dogs promptly started

At the left is winter in Savoonga; at the right, what passes for summer. Winter brings darkness for all but a few hours in every twenty-four. Summer brings mud. The structure at right is the church the congregation built with their own hands.

in my direction. I screamed and, trying to back away, stumbled and fell. The whole pack piled on me. Fortunately, I was wearing my usual complete sledding outfit at the time—slacks, snowsuit pants, sealskin pants, sweater, jacket, reindeer parka, knit hood over my face, wool gloves and fur mittens, wool stockings, cotton anklets, wool socks, sealskin socks, and reindeer knee-high boots. Before the dogs could find me in this welter of yard goods, Kingeekuk arrived and beat them off. When we reached home that day, I found that I had lost a small piece of my leg and a lot of enthusiasm for dog-sledding. Since that time, however, I appreciate the higher purpose behind this method of travel; it makes everyone content to stay where he is.

But no one in the world today can really stay where he is. The man behind the dog team, though he makes haste slowly, is no exception. For the past fifty years or so, he has been busily adopting devices and vices, germs and ideas, which the white man has taken hundreds of years to develop and control. My friends in Savoonga have borrowed from the white man, at one time or another, tuberculosis, tobacco, guns, motors, and the Christian religion. They have also suffered their share of cultural growing pains and indigestion. Trying to help people decide which ingredients of western culture should be swallowed whole, and which should be hesitated over, has been my most delicate responsibility.

Liquor

The liquor problem, so common in Alaska, is one we do not have. The people remember too well the year when the whole village went on a historic binge. When they came to themselves, weeks later, the hunting season had passed. Many starved that winter. Now they are suspicious even of orange juice. Alcohol, however, is one of the few aspects of our material culture that the people of Savoonga do not admire. Having accepted our language and religion, they hanker after blessings more tangible, new foods and store clothing. However, the white man's food and clothing are not suited to this cold climate. But the people of Savoonga are like other people in wanting to join the march of progress, whether it is marching forwards or backwards.

We in Savoonga are, for the first time, more than ankle-deep in the stream of current events. Our isolation is only apparent. Several of Savoonga's boys and girls will be going to the Sheldon Jackson College in Sitka before long, and one of its servicemen, Tim Gologergen, has been around the world. (He says Calcutta is no place for an Eskimo.) The younger citizens grow restive under the restraint of custom and hesitate to marry or settle down. And the excellent view of Siberia from our beach seems more portentous than ever. Hardly fifteen miles to the northwest the claw-like tip of Cape Chukotski reaches southward in our direction. If you are sometimes nervous about Russia, pity the people of Savoonga. As early as 1946 we were startled by a sudden appearance offshore of four large naval vessels, which we took for attacking Russians. The visitors, it turned out, were an American submarine fleet whose officers had been overcome with curiosity on sighting an Eskimo village.

For an abundance of reasons, then, we were all fervently grateful on the day in July, 1949, when the supply freighter Coastal Rambler arrived with the answer to our prayers. Aboard were building materials for a church for 250 people. From two o'clock that afternoon to eleven the next morning every man, woman, and child helped to haul, or *liter*, the lumber ashore in whaleboats. Even three-year-olds carried pieces of lumber larger then themselves.

Throughout the summer, despite almost daily rain, we spent every spare minute in building the church. The men did the heavy work and hauled the timbers; the women painted and finished; children of all sizes and ages ran and carried for the workers. In the fall the men went to their trapping camps. When they returned three weeks before Christmas, they pitched in heartily once more. Christmas Eve came and much still remained to be done. The men said, "We will work all night." All Christmas Day the women cleaned. That evening, for the first time, the whole village gathered together to worship in a church that lit up the Arctic night with electric brilliance.

Not long ago my parishioners were happy in another way, knowing nothing of the world or of war, plagued by no problem more abstruse than material survival. Now they find in their daily lives the tangible symbols of two great historical forces, Christianity and Russian imperialism—the church in the village, and across a narrow band of water, the coast of Russia's eastern outpost. The political perils of the day are like the old gods of the storm, menacing but remote, threats to be respected but cheerfully borne. Savoonga people undertake the familiar daily problems of life and death with their native high spirit, with only one difference. As Nick Wongillilin once remarked matter-of-factly to his boatmen during a wild storm at sea:

"There is nothing to be afraid of. Even if we drown, God will save our souls."

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